

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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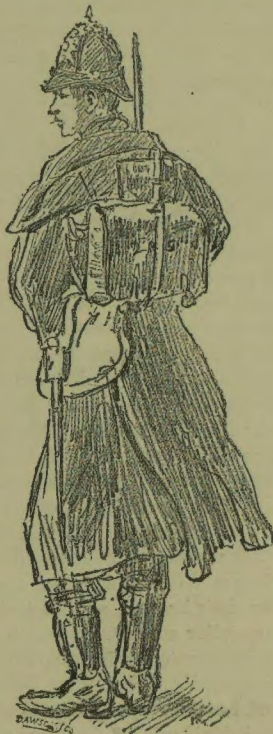
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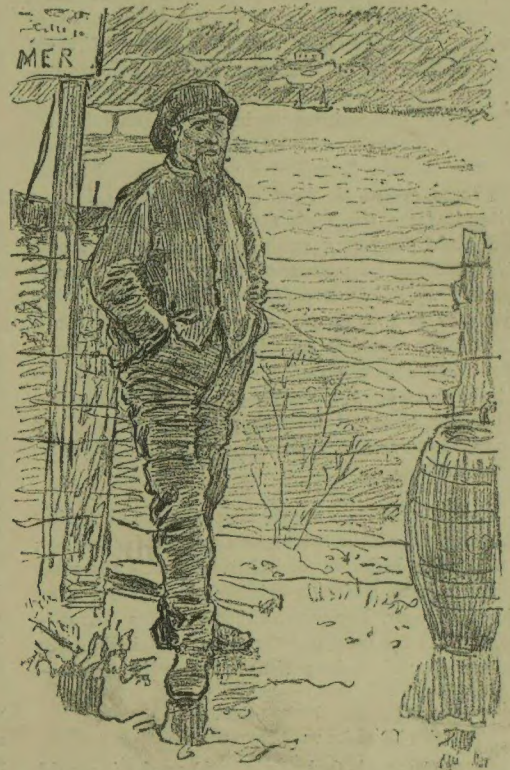
TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d.



A PIPER OF THE "ROYAL SCOTS."



A SENTRY, "ROYAL SCOTS."



A FISHERMAN, STROME FERRY.



SOLDIERS CROSSING TO STORNOWAY: KEEPING THEMSELVES WARM.

SKETCHES AMONG THE REVOLTED CROFTERS IN THE LEWIS, HEBRIDES.



## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Walter Besant has been letting young ladies into the secret of how he composes his delightful novels; but we fear that the revelation has been but a partial one. A chef, however apparently frank with his kitchen-maid, will never tell her the whole secret of a *plat*. He keeps to himself one little ingredient, without which his dish is of little worth: in his case it may be a mere shred of a shalot; in Mr. Besant's, it is genius—which, with all the will in the world, cannot be imparted to another. Some of his rules, however, are not only admirable in themselves, but should be laid to heart by a whole school of modern story-tellers. "Avoid the sin of writing about a character." Characters should evolve themselves; whereas it is now only too much the fashion to vivisection our heroes and heroines, and "tear their hearts before the crowd." Another golden rule of Mr. Besant's is "Learn as much as you can about men and women." He does not mean by this, as I am afraid the readers of his article will take him to do, that his literary aspirant should be always going out to dinner. If so, she should at least vary her district, or she will find matters very monotonous. Dinner-parties, even in Grosvenor-square (I am informed), have a sameness about them; and it is certainly so at Islington: when you have been at half a dozen of them you have learnt all they have to teach you. Whether the youthful fictionist would not gather something from the Tree of Knowledge by a few entertainments in Seven Dials is less doubtful. I have always lamented that no novelist has ever described low life as seen from its own level: even Dickens surveyed it to some extent *de haut en bas*; and Mr. Besant himself describes it from the high standpoint of the philanthropist. If I could be young again, and were not so incurably indolent, and could be persuaded that comfort was not the highest good, I would do a capital stroke of business by living for a year or two as an artisan, or a cabman, or something, and describing the life of what is somewhat superciliously called "the lower orders" exactly as it really is. This has yet to be done by the writer of fiction. Even Mr. Sims, who is, perhaps, the most realistic painter of Mary Jane we have, has never been (what I should dearly like to be) an actual "follower" of hers.

The controversy about Bacon and Shakspeare is a charming example of the survival of the fittest, as a subject for joking: the idea is as old as the hills, but of infinite jest; at the same time it could never have seriously originated save in a mind entirely devoid of humour. For one thing, it supposes Milton—who had opportunities for knowing the facts, which the most ingenious commentator of modern times can hardly possess—addressing Bacon as

Fancy's child  
Warbling his native wood-notes wild.

In the whole range of Bacon's (acknowledged) works it would be difficult to find wood-notes; but perhaps he wrote them in cipher. This suggestion opens a field of literary inquiry extensive indeed; at present there is the limit of posterior existence—Milton, for instance, could scarcely have written Shakspeare's works—but it is possible, such is the growth of the higher criticism, that even this difficulty may be overcome. If Bacon wrote Shakspeare's works, it is easy indeed to believe he used a cipher; for the manner in which he concealed all trace of Shakspeare's humour in the works that pass under his own name is nothing less than cryptical. If this new departure in criticism is to be extended, it will be very serious for all writers of note. To have their claim to fame disputed in their lifetime, authors must expect; but the thought of having their works, after their demise, attributed to somebody else, will add, indeed, another terror to death. One may even conceive an ingenious critic making out, at all events to his own satisfaction, that Mr. Spurgeon (for example)—in a state of mind which he would probably stigmatise as "on the down grade"—composed the poems which, in our ignorance, we are now wont to attribute to Mr. Algernon Swinburne.

There are three things which every man persuades himself he can do better than any other man—poke the fire, drive a gig, and write a novel. The last (as everybody who has not tried it will bear witness) is the easiest feat of the three; but there is still some little art about it, which each is ready to teach his neighbour at the shortest notice. But of late years there has been a fourth secret confided to the general public—namely, the art of selling books, of which, as is proved every day in letters to the newspapers, no one is half so ignorant as the booksellers. The professors of other callings are generally supposed to know their own trade: bankers, brewers, and butchers are allowed to carry on their own business without dictation—I should like to see one of the outside public telling my butcher not only how to cut a joint, but what to charge for it!—but booksellers, it now appears, are idiots and need instruction. The golden (or, at least, the silver) rule of selling books is, we are told, never to charge more than a shilling a piece for them. People will then buy and not borrow. An enormous circulation will at once attend all books, and authors will become millionaires. At present, publishers and authors combine in issuing books at prices which "everybody" writes to say are "practically prohibitory." They use the word "practically" to be ready for any antagonist who proves them to be a little astray in their statement of facts. A year or two ago the price fixed by these teachers of the Trade was sixpence; but as the effect of that system was to leave tons of unsold literature on every counter, and to ruin half the small country booksellers, the figure was good-naturedly raised to a shilling. If 60,000 copies of a book are sold at that price, and the author receives even a penny of it, he gets £250. But, what may also happen, he may only sell 600 copies, and in that case he gets but £2 10s. There is no harm, of course, in being sanguine on somebody else's account, but I am not aware that it does him much good.

Another point on which these gentry are very positive is the comparative cheapness of books upon the Continent—by which

they mean the "scrofulous French novels," which fall to pieces, as it were, of their own rottenness, in your hand. It is true that the Tauchnitz series are both comely and convenient; but as compared with our "cheap editions" of the same books—which have, at least, a binding, if not an æsthetic one—they are more costly and less lasting. Finally, there is a great fuss made about the edition that goes to the circulating library, and which in nine cases out of ten is the only one that remunerates the author. Someone is injured, it seems, by not being able to buy the three-volume work for a shilling the day it comes out. Now, I know something of this question, and am in a position to calm the public mind upon it. Not even in the case of the most popular novelist is it necessary to form a *queue* at Messrs. Mudie's door when his book appears. People wait for it with a patience that is much more commendable than complimentary; and as for the man in the street who subscribes to no library, whether he gets it to-morrow or six months hence does not signify to him the twelfth part of the sum he wants to have it sold at—namely, one penny piece.

What a pity it is that persons who are destined to be eminent do not, at least, keep diaries which may prove the groundwork of their memoirs! This reflection will occur to everyone who reads the small fragment of autobiography prefixed to "Darwin's Life and Letters." It is charming; but the pleasure, as the child observed while stroking the kitten's back, "so soon comes to an end."

That last "resource of civilisation," Mr. Berry, the hangman, has been narrating some experiences of his life, presumably for publication, the appearance of so many memoirs of other distinguished personages having doubtless fired his emulation. So far as can be judged of them by mere report, his reminiscences are not so agreeable as those of Mr. Frith, so interesting as those of Mr. Adolphus Trollope, nor so informing as those of Dr. Darwin. How is it, I wonder, that persons with such exceptional opportunities for the study of human nature under its most dramatic aspect, as headsmen and hangmen, have so little to tell us? The memoirs of even Sanson, whose family for seven generations were the public executioners of Paris, and who himself sheared the heads off half the French aristocracy, are not very exciting reading. The fact is, your dull man, with every advantage in the way of incident, can only tell his story in a dull way; while the true *raconteur*, like a good cook, can make something attractive out of the poorest materials. Nine professional men out of ten in narrating their experiences will dwell upon some detail that has no attraction for their hearers, and omit the salient point which the born story-teller will seize upon on the instant.

Mr. Berry appears to fall into the common error of those who write autobiographies, of being too diffuse about his relatives: as the post of hereditary executioner does not belong to his family, these individuals we don't care twopence about. We want to hear the last words of the Eminent Persons who have come under his observations, not his own private reflections upon the isolation of his position. His character seems to be less cheerful than that of Mr. Dennis, as drawn by the historian of the Gordon Riots, and he is given to bewail rather than to magnify his office. I once asked a well-known prison official who has seen many more men hung than Mr. Berry has operated upon, whether *any* criminal that had ever come under his observation had shown an entire absence of fear. "Not one," was his reply; "many a man 'dies game,' and with a smile on his face till the white cap hides it; but to those who know where to look for it, the signs of extreme mental distress are never absent: they are seen in the workings of the muscles of the back while the man is being pinioned, and no effort of self-restraint can hide them."

A prize-fighter recently deceased had his coffin covered with wreaths, or as my brother paragraphists phrase it, "adorned with the emblems of Flora." Is it possible they meant to write "Floorer"?

A Magistrate informs us that the numbers of mothers-in-law left to be supported by the rates is little creditable to their married daughters. It is more probable, however, that it is their husbands that are to blame, and I quite agree with his Worship that they "ought to be ashamed of themselves." He seems to think that the way in which mothers-in-law are held up to ridicule and reprobation in plays and stories has something to do with it. If so, the writers have much to answer for. These would-be students of human nature seem to forget that mothers-in-law are, in the first place, mothers, against whom even the cynic has little to say. The same short-sightedness, or rather want of reflection, appears in the antagonism which is shown in books to those who conduct "seminaries for young ladies." They are commonly described as ogresses; yet when they are in the chrysalis state of governesses—from which they generally emerge—they are endowed with all the virtues.

A London Vicar, in inviting us to hear a sermon he is about to preach, takes occasion to remark that "those who cannot or will not come—being sick, tired, indisposed, lazy, or engaged elsewhere—may send some donation to the Vicar." A very natural proposition, indeed: but why should he take it for granted that everyone who is *not* "sick, tired, or otherwise engaged," should want to come and hear him. The egotism of the pulpiteer is marvellous. A preacher in Wesley's time informs us that ministers have tried a number of methods to rid our assemblies of "the odious practice of going to sleep in sermon-time. Some have reasoned, some have spoke louder, some have whispered, some have threatened to name the sleeper, some have named him, some have cried 'Fire!' some have left off preaching. Dr. Young sat down and wept; Bishop Abbot took out his Testament and read Greek." For his own part this Divine recommends for such offenders whipping. Bearing this exceeding sensitiveness of the preacher in mind, I have always thought that St. Paul's conduct with respect to Eutychus was pre-eminently commendable.

## A PLAYWRIGHT.

Of all men that ever lived, Shakspeare had perhaps the most perfect toleration for human follies: yet surely even Shakspeare's gentle temper would have been a little vexed by the inanities that come upon us regularly in the silly season—whereof the most inane, I think, is the contention (now become as chronic as the sea-serpent) that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays.

It does not need a serious answer: yet one may point out (since this has perhaps not been pointed out lately) that, while the Donnellies of this earth struggle furiously to bring forward some scrap of evidence that Bacon was the author of "Hamlet," "As You Like It," "Lear," there is not the slightest evidence that Shakspeare was *not*. Yet the assumption that the actor could not have written the tragedies he played in underlies their whole argument.

Why not? The writer of "Hamlet" was (as Englishmen at all events will admit) the greatest genius that ever lived. Had he been born of parents as poor as Burns', as Carlyle's—had his father been a servant, like Philip Massinger's—his vigorous mind would have fought its way up, even as did theirs: if a bricklayer like Ben Jonson could make himself the equal of the finest classical scholars of the age, Shakspeare as a bricklayer need not have been dismayed.

But Shakspeare was not a bricklayer. Shakspeare's father was (as Professor Dowden tells us in his "Life") "a prosperous burgess of Stratford"—a glover and farmer, who rose, in course of time "to the honourable posts of chamberlain, alderman, and high bailiff." Mrs. Shakspeare was a Miss Arden, an heiress, of good family—"the Ardens were Warwickshire gentry since before the Conquest, and two of the family had held places of distinction in the household of Henry VII." Mary Arden's father left her a considerable piece of landed property in possession and one much more valuable in reversion.

It is true that after about 1578 John Shakspeare suffered great and increasing losses; but by this time William's education at the Stratford Grammar School would (in those days) have been nearly over—Wolsey took his degree at fifteen, and we may be fairly sure that Shakspeare was not a backward boy! With such a start in life as this—a far better one than that of half our greatest scholars—any man of high ability could easily have acquired the learning of Shakspeare: what could not "the greatest genius that ever lived" do?

It is objected by some that "Hamlet" could not have been written by a poacher. Have these good people ever read "Venus and Adonis"—and will they point out any form of riotous and rebellious living into which its impetuous author would *not* have thrown himself? Would he not have shocked and aggrieved in every conceivable way the rural magnates, as certainly as he would have run after all the pretty girls of the neighbourhood? His adventures with Anne Hathaway, and his precipitate marriage at eighteen to a woman eight years older than himself, agree as completely with the "Venus and Adonis"—and, one may add, with his sad and serious advice in later years that a woman should wed "an older than herself"—as does the life of Byron with his "Don Juan."

And then he became an actor—as, one may say, it was certain that he must. Since the writer of "Hamlet" so loved the theatre that he thought it worth while to give to it the greatest work of his genius, one may be sure that his impetuous nature would sooner or later force him on to the stage, in however low esteem that calling was then held. And so the world's greatest genius was a "rogue and vagabond"—a comedian: and a very good one too, as one may infer from the fact that in the list of the company his name stands second only to that of the famous Burbage.

In some despondent sonnets Shakspeare regretted bitterly the degradation to his nature caused by the degraded state of the theatre of those days; yet we may be sure that only as an actor could he have obtained that immense technical knowledge and skill which keeps his plays as fresh on the stage as in the library. The poetry of Fletcher and of Ben Jonson has not lost its charm; but who could now sit out one of their plays? Yet the actor Shakspeare and the actor Molière knew how to write stage-plays that preserved their vigour and vitality throughout the centuries.

It is interesting to note how the writer of "Hamlet" gradually obtained his position and estimation as a dramatist. Employed first as a hack-adaptor of old pieces, he put into some sort of shape the hideous melodrama of "Titus Andronicus," whose horrors were highly popular with the rough audience that Shakspeare himself was to refine: he recast and thoroughly worked over several of the "Histories," or chronicle-plays, of the time—"Henry the Sixth" (perhaps in partnership with other playwrights), and "King John," adapted by him with no less improvement on the original in technical stage-craft than in musical verse and grasp of human character.

We have some pleasant glimpses (from actual contemporary evidence) of Shakspeare, the playwright and comedian, at work and at leisure among his fellows—how one loves the man, and all one hears of him! Chettie says that his demeanour was "no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes"; and adds that "divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting, that approves his art." The famous description of the combats at the Mermaid between Shakspeare's nimble wit and the heavier learning of Jonson is too well known to quote; and the noblest tribute poet ever paid to poet—Ben Jonson's memorial of him "who was not for an age but for all time"—must be far too fresh in the minds of all readers.

Just as the plays of Shakspeare pass through the storm and stress of his youth and the passionate doubts of early manhood, and gain a noble calm and mature wisdom, so do we find his outer life escaping from the difficulties which gave rise to such rumours as those (however false) that he held horses outside the theatre—after being, as some say, a butcher's apprentice, a country schoolmaster, an attorney's clerk!—and we see him finally settling down to assured prosperity, and even wealth. Old country neighbours wrote to ask the actor's influence to obtain favours for Stratford-on-Avon from great people at Court; and when, a man only of middle age, he returned to the old town to spend the autumn of his life there, he must have been the great man of the place. He lived, it is said, at the rate of a thousand a year—a very large expenditure in those days.

He still wrote plays—our charming pastoral the "Winter's Tale" among them; but he did not, as one might have thought, give time to collecting and revising his "Works." Alas! At fifty a man does not think that his works are so nearly complete; and, besides, the practical Shakspeare did not want to publish and so give every piratical manager the chance of performing his plays.

And it is characteristic of the writer of the last group of happy plays that he settled down in the old home, with the old wife—who apparently had stayed at Stratford during his life in London. He left her (besides, of course, her dower in his freehold property) their "second-best bed, with the furniture"—a bequest for which Professor Dowden suggests a very pretty and natural reason.



## MUSIC.

The second of the new series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts, at St. James's Hall, took place—as already briefly intimated—on Dec. 1, when Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Ruth" was performed for the first time in London. The oratorio was composed for, and produced with much success at, the Worcester Festival, last September. Having already commented on its merits and characteristics, but little need be said now as to its repetition. The beautiful Scripture narrative has been well adapted for musical purposes by the experienced hand of Mr. Joseph Bennett; and the composer has turned to good account the opportunities afforded for general musical effect and striking contrasts—pastoral grace and pathetic expression being successfully realised both in the solo and the choral writing, together with some highly dramatic climaxes. Four of the solo singers at St. James's Hall—Madame Albani, Miss H. Glenn, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills—were the same as at Worcester, the music assigned to the character of Orpah having been on the recent occasion now referred to allotted to Miss A. Larkcom. Among the pieces for solo voices that proved especially effective in the St. James's Hall performance were Ruth's air (with chorus), "Be of good comfort," and her solos, "Intreat me not" and "My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth"; the air for Naomi, "Like as a father"; Boaz's jubilant solo (with chorus), "How excellent is Thy loving kindness"; and the duet for Ruth and Boaz, "Who art thou?" The bright music in the scene of the harvest festivities again proved highly effective, as did the several well-contrasted choruses of Hebrews, reapers, gleaners, &c., particularly the climax to the first part. The music of Ruth, Boaz, and Naomi, was again excellently rendered, respectively, by Madame Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Miss Glenn; that for Orpah having been efficiently sung by Miss Larkcom, as were the passages for a reaper and an elder by Mr. W. Mills.

The celebrated Heckmann quartet party began a new series of three concerts at Prince's Hall on Dec. 1. The admirable rendering of the string quartets of the great masters by Herren Heckmann, Forberg, Allecotte, and Bellmann, was noticed by us in reference to their previous appearances in the same locality. The concert now referred to included performances of the elaborate and intricate fugue in B flat (Op. 133) originally intended by Beethoven as the finale to his quartet in the same key (Op. 130), but afterwards dissociated therefrom, and replaced by another movement. The quartet referred to was also given by the Heckmann party, both the pieces just named having been executed with that precision and consentaneousness which render their performances so especially meritorious. In strong contrast to the elaborate music of Beethoven were Haydn's bright and clever quartet in C (No. 3 of Op. 33), and two movements from a quartet of Dittersdorf. Brahms's second sonata for piano and violin was well rendered by Madame Haas and Herr Heckmann.

Mrs. Dutton Cook (Mrs. Charles Yates) gave a morning concert, at 7, Buckingham-gate, on Dec. 2. The lady, as Miss Linda Scates was a distinguished student at the Royal Academy of Music, her refined pianoforte playing having been worthy of the excellent course of study which has long been so successfully pursued at that institution. Mrs. Cook's solo performances on the occasion now referred to consisted of Mendelssohn's study in B flat minor and his prelude in B flat major, besides which the lady was associated with Miss Shinner and Mr. E. Howell in Sterndale Bennett's trio in A, in all which the pianist displayed both executive skill and refined taste. Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, and other eminent artists contributed to a varied programme, which also included recitations by Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Mr. George Grossmith.

St. Andrew's Day, as already briefly stated, was celebrated musically at the Royal Albert Hall and at St. James's Hall. The concert in the former locale was one of Mr. William Carter's series of national celebrations, and included the co-operation of his well-trained choir and several eminent solo vocalists, in a programme that was only partially of a national character. Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson (the Swedish prima donna) sang with brilliant effect operatic and other solos; Mr. Sims Reeves (who was in good voice) gave "The Macgregors' Gathering," and other telling performances were contributed by well-known artists. The St. James's Hall concert was more thoroughly of a Scottish character. Miss L. Lehmann, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Clifford, and Mr. Santley, were heard in favourite pieces; Mrs. William Wallace made a favourable impression on her first appearance, and the excellent Glasgow choir contributed some effective part-singing to a copious programme, which also included a violoncello solo by Signor Piatti.

Madame Adelina Patti made her farewell appearance at a concert organised by Mr. Kuhe at the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 6, and was received with great enthusiasm by an enormous audience. She was in good voice, and was encored in all her songs. Madame Patti will sing at Paris on Dec. 9, for the benefit of the French Hospital in London, and will soon afterwards depart for her prolonged tour in America.

The Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace are near the end of the first portion of the thirty-second series; the close thereof—with the eleventh performance—taking place on Dec. 17. The ninth concert—on Dec. 3—brought forward a composition for the first time here, a concerto for clarinet by the late Herr Rietz, finely played by Mr. G. A. Clinton. Señor A. Geloso made a good impression by his performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and vocal solos were contributed by Mlle. Trebelli and part-songs by the Crystal Palace choir.

Since our last notice of the Monday evening and Saturday afternoon Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, the programmes have continued to be of great and varied interest; repetitions of works of established classical value having prevailed. Madame Norman-Néruda has continued to be the leading and solo violinist, and Signor Piatti the violoncellist. Miss Agnes Zimmermann has appeared with success as solo pianist (at the concert of Nov. 28), Mlle. Janotha having again sustained that position on other occasions. At recent concerts Miss M. Hall, Mr. Santley, and Miss B. Moore have appeared as vocalists.

The second evening performance of the new series of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall, was announced for Dec. 7, with a programme of the usual varied interest.

For Thursday evening, Dec. 8, concerts were announced by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, and by the Sacred Harmonic Society at St. James's Hall; Haydn's oratorio "The Creation" being the work promised by the Kensington institution, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend" by the other society.

Mrs. George Cox gave a *soirée musicale* on Dec. 6, at Royston Lodge, Ladbroke-grove; the Westminster Orchestral Society's eighth orchestral concert was given on Dec. 7, at the Westminster Townhall; and the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society announce a concert on Dec. 10, at St. James's Hall.

## THE REDESDALE MEMORIAL HALL.

On Friday, Dec. 2, the Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, M.P., opened a new public Hall at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, erected in memory of Lord Redesdale by Mr. Freeman Mitford. It was stated that the building would be for the free use of the inhabitants, irrespective of creed or politics, provided only that it was not disgraced by words of treason or blasphemy. It stands in the centre of the broad street which forms the chief thoroughfare and market-place of the town. Its architectural aspect, in the Tudor style, at once attracts the attention of the passer-by. The architects are Messrs. Ernest George and Peto, and the builders, Peto Brothers, of Pimlico. The main hall is a handsome room floored with oak, with a fine stone chimney-place, and with windows on each side, bearing the arms of the family of Lady Clementine Mitford (the daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Airlie), and of Mr. Freeman Mitford, who was, up to the time



REDESDALE MEMORIAL HALL, MORETON-IN-THE-MARSH.  
Opened on Dec. 2, by Sir M. Hicks Beach.

of the death of his cousin, the late Earl of Redesdale, Under-Secretary to the Board of Works. By the death of the Earl of Redesdale, in May, 1886, the title became extinct, and Mr. Freeman Mitford succeeded to the Batsford and other property of the late Earl. The whole building is of Cotswold stone, raised on the Batsford estate, a tower in the centre carrying a handsome clock, with dials illuminated at night. It cost £10,000.

## "A LITTLE KISS."

A clever and sympathetic French artist, M. Mars, has a special talent for delineating the charming figures, gestures, and actions of children. We reproduced, a twelvemonth ago, one of his pleasant designs in the series entitled "Nos Chéris," which has this season been published again, with English names and descriptions, by Messrs. Routledge and Sons. Messrs. E. Plon, Nourrit, et Compagnie, of the Rue Garancière, Paris, have now brought out another series, "Compères et Compagnons," not less attractive and amusing. The volume, elegantly bound in grey cloth, and decorated outside with the frontispiece picture of a girl, a boy, and a big dog, contains forty-eight oblong pages of coloured engravings. The subjects of these drawings, which are graceful in design, gracious and natural in expression, illustrate and recommend the wholesome sentiment of friendship between children and various favourite animals. Dogs, cats, sheep and lambs, goats and kids, monkeys, donkeys, horses, cows, poultry, pigeons, ducks, and swans, besides singing-birds, come in for their share of kindly attention, and are received as playmates or admired for their beauty or their useful services. In the picture which we are permitted to copy, two good little girls, Jeanne and Georgette, have gone for their morning walk on the cliff, where the goat is browsing with her kids. They indulge a fond tenderness in the feminine way, by catching up one of the kids and hugging it, which rather frightens the timid wild creature. "Don't be afraid, dear Kiddy," they say, "nous ne sommes point méchantes! we are not naughty girls!" And then, to do away with the poor animal's fears, Georgette gives it "a little kiss." The old goat turns half an eye to watch this strange proceeding, but knows that it means no harm.

"The Ladies' Column" is unavoidably omitted this week.

Major-General the Hon. J. C. Dormer, now commanding at Dublin, will take over the command in Egypt on Jan. 1, 1888.

On Dec. 1 the master, warden, and court of the Plumbers Company gave a dinner at the Albion Hotel, the Master presiding. Among those present were the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, a number of Mayors of Corporations who have assisted in the movement for the education and registration of plumbers, and several medical officers of health. Sir James Paget was one of the speakers.

Among the Christmas annuals the *Lady's Pictorial* is especially worthy of note. There are two coloured supplements given with it—one a charming head in profile, entitled "Sweet Seventeen," the other being a calendar for 1888, with a pair of cupids nestling in the centre. The illustrations, in different tints, most carefully executed, are marked by vigour and grace, as may well be supposed when it is stated that among the artists are Mr. R. Caton Woodville, Mr. Hardy, his son Mr. Dudley Hardy, Mr. J. Bernard Partridge, M. Forestier, and M. Pilotell. A two-page engraving, "The Tug of War," by Louis Wain, deserves mention for its rich rollicking humour. A line of dogs and another of cats are pulling against each other—tugging, clawing, and biting at the rope; while dog and cat partisans look on with anxious eagerness, seeming to yelp and mew encouragement to their respective sides. Nor is the letterpress a whit behind the pictorial portion in interest or ability; a charming intermixture of verse and prose being contributed by (*place aux dames*) Mrs. Alexander, the authoress of "Bootele's Baby," Miss Clo. Graves, Mr. Byron Webber, Mr. Horace Lennard, Mr. F. C. Phillips, Mr. George Moore, and Mr. Oscar Wilde.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Edward Terry's new farce, "The Woman-Hater," is excellent, so far as it goes; but it does not go quite far enough. If the play be strictly original, which may be doubted, then certainly Mr. David Lloyd shows considerable ability in his lines of construction, the last act being remarkably ingenious in surprise and variety of incident. The hero of the new piece of whimsicality is one of those droll sketches of caricatured humanity in which Edward Terry delights, a lean man with a sharp, bird-like face, always on wires, active and alert. Mr. Bundy has the reputation of being a woman-hater, a confirmed bachelor; but he is a sly dog. He only remains single from the fact that he finds it impossible to choose a fitting companion out of the many eligible candidates for the honour of his hand. In his heart he meditates matrimony very seriously, and carries about a pocket Bradshaw in order to map out honeymoons with mysterious fair ones. At last he is caught. He proposes or is led to accept three ladies at once, and the despair of the perplexed Bundy may well be guessed. But the funniest situation of all is where the restless bachelor, after having at last eloped with and married a widow, finds that he is incarcerated in a private lunatic asylum. The idea has been continually worked out on the stage, but seldom with such happy results. It formed the groundwork of at least two good farces, "Mad as a Hatter" and "He's a Lunatic," and, if we mistake not, it gave one of the best scenes to the farcical comedy "Confusion." The irritability of Mr. Terry under espionage and in confinement is irresistibly droll, and he bears bravely the burden of this harmless nonsense. Not, indeed, that his company is at all an indifferent one; Mr. Lionel Brough, a very popular actor, plays in the first piece, a domestic comedy called "Duty," and both Mr. Alfred Bishop and Mr. Henry Kemble are excellent in what are called character parts. Add to these, two extremely pretty girls, Miss Cowper and Miss Florence Sutherland, and there is surely no fault to be found with the acting material. But the fare is slight, if not meagre, for all that, and it would seem as if this were the one theatre where old-fashioned burlesques, with good, new, popular music, might well be revived. An old burlesque with new songs, written to modern music, would be safe to attract.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere has come back to the Opera Comique in the best possible health and spirits, after her short trip to the south of France. Her voice is in fine condition, she is attired in the newest and most fashionable dresses, and her death scene, as Lena Despard, will once more draw London to her theatre during the Christmas holidays, and whilst she is preparing a new play. Mrs. Beere has certainly not overrated her ability, and she has advanced to fame simply and solely on the strength of her own dramatic power and intelligence. When no one was apparently forthcoming to follow in Sara Bernhardt's footsteps as Fedora, Mrs. Beere stood in the breach and saved the fortress, her experience at that time not being very vast. From that moment her name was established. It took persuasion to tell the public that her Jane Eyre was a remarkable performance; it took only herself to tell the success of her Fedora. The Lena Despard is another bold and uncompromising sketch painted in bright lurid colours. The play "As in a Looking-Glass" would be nothing without her; but all its sham cynicism, bad taste, social solecisms, and general air of vulgarity sink into insignificance by the side of comedy so subtle and tragedy so powerful. If there were any taste at present for poetical or imaginative work, Mrs. Beere would be the leading actress at a theatre where the plays were full of dignity and the acting noble in its impression. But she can only take the times as she finds them, and is compelled to waste her time over bouffon scandals, modern society intrigue, and the realistic death of a fate-haunted woman dying poisoned in her luxurious chamber. The actress is capable of far better and far finer things, but she has no mission except to be popular. Sara Bernhardt shook the dust of the Comédie Française off her feet, with all its noble traditions, to create Théodora and La Tosca—sham attempts to imitate imaginative drama veneered over with vulgar sensation—and it all paid in Paris. Lena Despard, as presented and dressed by Mrs. Bernard-Beere, is more attractive than a Lady Macbeth who would make Ristori envious, or a Juliet to rival the sensuous charm of Adelaide Neilson. That this is so no one doubts; but do not let this scented and decorated dramatic excitement, this commingling of dress and flowers, these plays of patchouli and comedies of chloroform, be confounded with art. They are outside the boundary and the domain of art. They degrade the beautiful and decorate the vulgar; they depose imagination and magnify materialism. They substitute terror for tenderness, and for a tear substitute a shudder. One illustration will convey our meaning better than a torrent of words. Mrs. Bernard-Beere plays two strong characters, often in one week, sometimes in one day. They are Peg Woffington, the actress; and Lena Despard, the divorced, reckless, and abandoned woman. In one she creates a sob, in the other a shriek. In the one she makes her audience melt with tears, for she touches the chords of humanity, and attacks the very root and fibre of their better nature; in the other by power of voice and swiftness of effect, she communicates to those who watch and listen a galvanic shock of hysterical emotion. As Peg, she sends her audience home touched and humanised; as Lena, she merely makes them more discontented with life, more cynical, more suspicious, more heartless. The one is as stucco to brick, or as electro-plate to silver. We have little doubt which character is really most sympathetic to an actress who is enamoured with her art. The one character will as surely live as the other will most certainly die. The one will be remembered—the other forgotten.

According to the doctrine promulgated by Mr. Paul Meritt on the subject of originality in dramatic ideas, his enemy, Mr. Henry A. Jones, ought to indict "Dot" Boucicault for a nuisance, bring an action against Mr. Walter Besant, and call Mr. James Rice from the grave, because they have all hit upon the same idea. This idea, a very simple one, is that a middle-aged gentleman who has been the guardian of a pretty girl in infancy, falls desperately in love with her when she arrives at the dangerous age—for middle-aged men—of "sweet seventeen," and gets dreadfully jealous of her boy lover. This is the plot of "A Clerical Error," by Mr. Henry A. Jones, first brought out at the Court Theatre, and created by Wilson Barrett. Some years after the same idea struck Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. James Rice and they turned it into a novel, and the novel was dramatised by Mr. D. G. Boucicault, who called it "My Little Girl." Originally it was very well played by Mr. John Clayton, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. H. Kemble, and Miss Meador. It was a pity to revive it at the Opera Comique, for by all, with the exception of Miss Eva Sothern, the poem is hopelessly misunderstood. Mr. Denison, who plays the guardian, has no conception of pathos; and Mr. H. Grattan, the boy lover, is hopelessly destitute of all romance. It is worth while going to see this little play if only to be convinced how a pretty idea can be ruined by faulty interpretation. The poetry is squeezed out of it, and the ruined rind is flung upon the stage.

Mr. Buchanan's new play will be produced at the Haymarket before Christmas; and at the present moment they are all busy rehearsing for the children's season.





SQUATTERS AT LAXEY.



MANOR FARM, STORNOWAY: THE QUARTERS OF THE "ROYAL SCOTS."



A CROFTER'S HOUSE IN THE LEWIS.



GIRL WITH PEAT.



HUSBAND AND WIFE.

## SKETCHES AMONG THE REVOLTED CROFTERS IN THE LEWIS, HEBRIDES.

"The Lews," as the island of Lewis (the southern part of it is Harris) would be called by the natives of the Hebrides, lies beyond the Minch channel twenty miles north of Skye, and forty or fifty miles west of the coasts of Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire; its Butt, the northern extremity, is nearly opposite Cape Wrath. It is the largest island of the Western or Outer Hebrides, and has a population exceeding twenty thousand, but its only town is Stornoway, a seaport and fishing-station on the east coast. The late Sir James Matheson, Bart., who built a castellated mansion there, being the principal landowner, expended half-a-million sterling in the improvement of the island; but the crofters are very poor and discontented, as they are in other parts of the Hebrides. Resistance to the collection of rents, or to the legal processes of eviction and ejectment, and disputes about the occupation of

pieces of land, have recently caused some disturbances and breaches of the peace. To protect the officers of the law from the neighbouring counties of Scotland, to which Lewis and Harris belong, a military force has been sent, consisting of one company, eighty-three men and five officers, of the Royal Scots regiment, who crossed the sea, on Friday, Nov. 25, from Stromie Ferry to Stornoway, escorting the Sheriff and the Sheriff Clerk. They took up their quarters at the Manor Farm, Stornoway; and our Artist's Sketches of the scenes on their passage and arrival, with the figures of a sentinel on duty and of the regimental piper, have quite a military aspect; but it is not likely that they will have occasion to treat any of the peasantry with hostile operations. The Highland soldiers are rather popular among these Scottish islanders, who are far too wise, in any

case, to make their local grievances, as some Irishmen do, the occasion of a vain conflict with the forces of the United Kingdom. It is to be hoped that means will be found to benefit these remote islands in their material condition, one of the most effectual being an improved communication with the mainland, and better facilities for the trade of the fishery, and for sending the produce to market.

Mr. W. Holman Hunt has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The Prince of Wales has sanctioned the designs which have been executed by Mr. Boehm, R.A., and Mr. Taylor, of the Office of Works, for the new statue of the Duke of Wellington at Hyde Park-corner.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "COMPÈRES ET COMPAGNONS," BY MARS; "THE LITTLE KISS."







## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 6, 1886) of Mr. Charles Waring, late of No. 2, Grosvenor-square, and No. 20, Victoria-chambers, a member of the firm of Waring Brothers, who died on Aug. 27 last, was proved on Nov. 29 by William Waring and Henry Waring, the brothers, and John Arkle Waring, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £552,000. The testator gives £1000, his jewellery and household effects, and such a sum as, with the income of her marriage settlement, will produce £5000 per annum, to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Eliza Mary Jane Waring; £1000 each to his executors; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to four sevenths for his elder son, George; two sevenths for his second son, Walter; and as to one seventh to his daughter Geraldine Rose.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1880), with a codicil (dated Nov. 12, 1886), of Mr. John Henry Smith, late of Purley, Surrey, who died on Oct. 15 last, was proved on Nov. 22 by Oswald Augustus Smith and John Henry Master, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £388,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Derby General Infirmary, the Nottingham General Infirmary, the Hull General Infirmary, and King's College Hospital; £1000 each, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to the Vicars and Churchwardens of Croydon and Sanderstead, for gifts of coal and warm clothing to the poor on St. Thomas's Day; 1000 gs. to such London hospitals and charities as his executors may select, in sums not exceeding 100 gs. each; £20,000 to Lord Carrington; £10,000 each, upon trust, for Mrs. Walter Serocold and Mrs. Graham Mayne; £10,000 each to Charles Serocold, George Serocold, Ashton Mayne, Otway Mayne, Mosley Mayne, the Rev. G. S. Master, the Rev. O. Master, J. H. Master, E. Master, and Charles G. Master; and very numerous large legacies to relatives and servants. The testator, after reciting that during his lifetime he has given £95,000 among members of his family, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, as to three fourths thereof, between his nephews Oswald Augustus Smith and Eric C. Smith, in equal shares, and the remaining one fourth to his nephew John Henry Master.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1871), with five codicils (dated April 1, 1876; June 7, 1880; Feb. 15, 1882; Aug. 24, 1884; and Aug. 13, 1887), of Mr. Henry Quinn, late of Down-terrace, Richmond, who died on Oct. 24 last, was proved on Nov. 30 by William Mathers Happe, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £240,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 to his sister, Jane; £2000 each to her four children; £50,000, upon trust, for such benevolent, humane, and charitable institutions in London as his executor, in his absolute discretion, shall think fit; £5000 to the Unitarian Sustentation Fund in connection with the meeting-house at Combe; and numerous other legacies. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, to establish a society in Newry, to be called the "Quinn Charity," for the maintenance and support of indigent persons who may have been of a better class of life, or have carried on a respectable business in the town of Newry or within ten miles round, but not to include mechanics or labourers. There are to be six trustees of the charity, three Unitarians, one a member of the Established Church, one a Roman Catholic, and one a Presbyterian.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Dumbarton, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 8, 1887) of Mr. Humphrey Ewing Crum Ewing, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Dumbarton, late of Ardincaple Castle, Helensburgh, who died on July 3 last, granted to Alexander Crum Ewing, John Dick Crum Ewing, General John Bayly, and Alexander Crum, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 25, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £116,000.

The will (dated March 20, 1885), with two codicils (dated Aug. 17, 1886, and May 27, 1887), of Mrs. Mary Ellis, widow, late of No. 46, Cadogan-place, Sloane-street, who died on Oct. 13 last, has been proved by William Rowcliffe, the Rev. Frederick Cox, and Thomas Dickinson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £88,000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to her executors and friends, and also to servants; and £100 to the Chelsea Home for Men in Consumption, 27, Smith-street, Chelsea. The residue of her estate and effects she leaves, upon trust, as to two equal third parts thereof, to divide the same in such proportions and in such manner as her trustees shall in their absolute discretion think proper, amongst the following religious societies—viz.: The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day (20, Bedford-street, Covent-garden), the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Church of England Scripture Readers' Association, the London City Mission, the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, the Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics, the Foreign Aid Society (of which the Rev. H. J. Browne is the secretary), Whiteland's College, National Society's Training College for Educating Young Women to be National School-Mistresses (King's-road, Chelsea), the Bishop of London's Fund (Pall-mall), the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, and the McAll Mission in France. The remaining equal third part to be divided in such proportions and in such manner and at such discretion as aforesaid amongst the following charitable institutions—viz.: The Royal Free Hospital (Gray's-inn-road), St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park-corner), the Indigent Blind School (St. George's, Southwark), the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent-road), the Idiot Asylum (Earlswood), the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, the Cancer Hospital (Fulham-road), the Chelsea, Brompton, and Belgrave Dispensary (41, Sloane-square), the Society for the Relief of Distressed Widows (32, Sackville-street), the Governesses' Benevolent Institution (32, Sackville-street), the Royal Humane Society (4, Trafalgar-square), the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (105, Jermyn-street), the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (7, Harper-street, Bermondsey), Müller's Orphan Houses at Bristol, the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation (36, Southampton-street), Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children (Stepney-causeway), the Chelsea Hospital for Women (Queen's Elm, Fulham-road), the Victoria Hospital for Children (Gough House, Queen's-road, West Chelsea), the Cab-drivers' Benevolent Association (15, Soho-square), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (West-hill, Putney-heath), Miss Leigh's Mission-Homes for Young English and American Women and Orphans (77, Avenue Wagram, Paris), and the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association. The testatrix specially directs that her estate shall be marshalled in favour of the charitable bequests.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Major Thomas Charles Hardinge Best, late of No. 21, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, who died intestate on Sept. 21 last, were granted on Nov. 23 to Mandistly Gausson Best, the natural and lawful brother, and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate exceeding £71,000.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MRS. KELLY (Lifton).—Your suggested solution would be quite right if the Black Pawn did not check at the third move. This you seem to have overlooked.

A C WISSENDER.—Your problems all show fair constructive power, but still lack that wit which is necessary for publication. No. 2 is undoubtedly the best, and with a less obvious first move would make a fairly good position.

BELLEVEILLE (Canada).—We are sorry your solution is wrong. Coming such a distance it deserved a better fate.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LORRAINE.—We will communicate with you immediately.

L. DESANGES.—Certainly not; nor that of the problem either.

PROBLEMS AND GAMES received with thanks from T. Heppell, F. N. Braund, F. Hoffman, and J. Pierce.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2275 received from C. E. P. Andy, Alpha, E. G. Boys, Fairholme, A. G. Hagot, W. H. D. (Woburn), and G. C. of No. 2276 from R. H. Cowan, J. J. Locke, E. G. Peckham, J. Eymier, H. G. King, R. Armstrong, T. A. O. (Lisbon), J. Boldero, G. Boys, Andy, G. Fynder, C. E. P., J. E. M. F., J. D. Tucker, Submarine (Dover), J. Bryden, and T. Wyatt.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2277 received from W. A. P. J. Bryden, A. C. Hunt, W. Hillier, Jupiter Junior, W. Lucas, W. Wooters (Canterbury), A. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Hereward, S. Bullen, E. C. C. (Paris), Ben Nevis, E. Phillips, Howard A. Rev. Winfield Cooper, R. H. Brookes, C. E. P., John Sandes, James A. Conroy, Andy, D. McGee, Fairholme, Dr. J. A. Fresco, T. G. (Warr.), J. Hepworth Shaw, T. Brown, E. E. H. R. F. N. Banks, Shadforth, Submarine (Dover), T. Roberts, E. London, T. Coad, A. C. W. (Dover), W. R. Railleu, Peterhouse, J. M. G. Traynor, and North-Bac.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2276.

WHITE.  
1. P to B 4th.  
2. Q to Q Kt 2nd.  
3. Q mates.

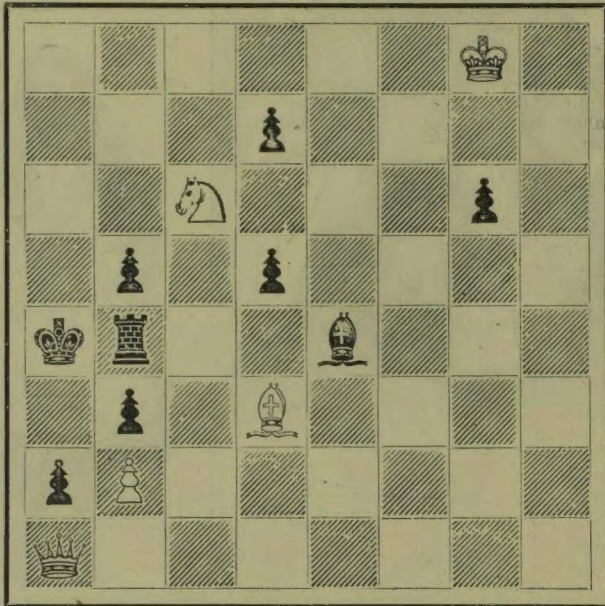
BLACK.  
K to B 2nd.  
K moves.

Numerous correspondents point out another solution of this problem by 1. B to B 6th, &c.—Note: Solutions to this problem were inadvertently credited to No. 2275 in our last week's issue.

## PROBLEM No. 2279.

By C. W. (Sunbury).

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

## BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Game played in the Masters' Tourney, between Dr. ZUKERTORT and Mr. MORTIMER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Dr. Z.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Dr. Z.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. P to B 5th	B takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	This sacrifice serves its end, but is of doubtful soundness.	
3. B to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd	20. R takes R	
4. Castles	Kt takes P	We think the B could have been safely captured first. Dr. Zukertort, expecting this, proposed to play R to K 7th, apparently overlooking the effect of 21. Kt takes B, which seemingly retains for White the piece gained. If Black then play R takes Q, White answers 22. R takes R (ch) and wins back the Queen.	
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q R 3rd	21. Kt takes B	R takes R
6. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	22. Q to B 3rd	R to K 7th
7. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	23. K to B 3rd	B takes P (ch)
8. Kt to Q B 3rd		24. P takes Q	Q takes Q (ch)
		25. R to Kt sq	P to Q Kt 3rd
		26. R to Kt 2nd	K to B 2nd
		27. Kt to K 3rd	B to B 5th
		28. Kt to B 4th	R to R 7th
		29. Kt takes P	P takes Kt
		30. R takes P	R takes P
		31. R takes B P	P to K R 4th
		32. P to Q 5th	P to K R 5th,
			and White resigns.

Game played at the British Chess Club, between Mr. J. G. CAMPBELL and Mr. F. HEALEY.

## (Evan's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. K takes B	Q to R 5th (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. K to Kt sq	Castles
3. B to Q B 4th	B to Q B 4th	13. B to R 3rd	P to Q B 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	14. Q to K 5th	
5. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	Q to Q 4th should have been played at once.	
		15. Q to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd
		16. Q to K 3rd	P to Q 4th
		17. B to Q 5th	Kt takes K B P
		Far better to have taken the Kt, and abandon the B.	
		18. Q to B 4th	B to K 3rd
		19. B takes P	P to Kt 4th
		20. Q takes Q P	Q to Q sq,
			and White resigns.

The meeting of the British Chess Association, in accordance with previous intimation, commenced on Nov. 29 at the British Chess Club, 37, King-street, Covent-garden, and will continue till Dec. 15. There has been a large attendance of players and spectators, the various competitions having attracted the leading talent of the country, and much interest is daily manifested in the details of play. The Masters' Tournament has produced a few fine games, and one or two departures from the usual openings in such cases. Mr. Blackburne, for instance, trying the Muzio Gambit against Mr. Gunsberg—an experiment, we are sorry to say, that did not succeed. The Amateur Championship, and the Ruskin and Tennyson Competitions, are being vigorously contested; but, so far, without noteworthy incident. When we went to press the score in the Masters' Tournament stood:—Burn, 4; Gunsberg, 4; Zukertort, 3½; Blackburne, 3; Guest, 3; Bird, 1½; Mason, 1½; Lee, 1; Pollock, 1; Mortimer, 0.

The fifth annual report of the Sussex Chess Association contains a satisfactory record of last year's work. The matches played consisted of two with Surrey, one of which was lost, the other won; one with Hampshire, which was lost; and one by correspondence, with Yorkshire, also lost. The championship cup was carried off by Mr. Wilson; the handicap by Mr. Spinks, a very promising young player; and the problem tourney by Mr. Butler—all of Brighton. The membership was the largest in the history of the club, and hopes are expressed of still greater success in the current year.

Engravings and etchings sent by *The Illustrated London News* to the Adelaide Jubilee International Exhibition have secured the first order of merit.

The Prince of Wales has kindly sent a present of forty pheasants for the use of the patients in Brompton Consumption Hospital.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, on Dec. 1, decorated Garrison Sergeant-Major William Thomas Mathieson, late Sergeant-Major 1st Battalion Princess Charlotte of Wales (Royal Berkshire) Regiment, with the medal for "distinguished service in the field," for gallantry displayed in the Soudan campaign. Mr. Herbert William Bond, of Torrington, Toowoomba, in Queensland, with Mr. Barler, of 2, Waterloo-place, had the honour of exhibiting to the Queen a collection of beautiful opals obtained in the interior of Queensland by Mr. Bond, from whom her Majesty accepted some specimens. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with the Queen. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson and Captain the Hon. and Mrs. North Dalrymple had the honour of being invited.—On Dec. 2 the Queen received at Windsor Castle the Gaikwar of Baroda, who had been summoned to the palace for the purpose of being invested by her Majesty. The Gaikwar and the Maharanee travelled from London by special Great Western train, by which Viscount Cross (Secretary of State for India) and Viscountess Cross also proceeded to Windsor, where the distinguished visitors arrived shortly before two o'clock. In reference to a native custom, no men, with the exception of the officials on duty, were permitted to remain upon the platform during the arrival of the Indian Princess, who, studiously avoiding the gaze of those around, walked between two ladies from the saloon to the Royal carriage which had been sent from the castle for her conveyance. This was closed, and was preceded to the palace by an open landau, containing the Gaikwar and his attendants, who were attired in rich Oriental costumes. The Indian visitors and Viscount and Viscountess Cross lunched at the castle. Later in the afternoon the Gaikwar and Viscount Cross went for a drive in the Great Park, returning at the close of their excursion to the castle. The Queen gave an audience shortly after six o'clock in the evening to the Gaikwar of Baroda, and, in the presence of the Court, invested him with the Grand Commandership of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India. A guard of honour of the Scots Guards was mounted in the quadrangle, and the band played the National Anthem. The Gaikwar and the Maharanee left the castle after the investiture for London. Viscount and Viscountess Cross remained the guests of the Queen.—The Duchess of Albany arrived at the castle shortly before two o'clock on Dec. 3, on a visit to the Queen; Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) arrived in the evening. Lord Rowton and Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, K.C.S.I., also arrived at the castle. Lady Sophia Macnamara, Lord Rowton, and Colonel Sir Edward Bradford had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.—Her Majesty, the Royal family, and members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday, Dec. 4. The Rev. Harry Jones, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, officiated. The Queen went out in the morning, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Nemours, the Duchess of Albany, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Halsbury, and Sir Henry and Lady Holland arrived at Windsor on a visit to the Queen. On Monday Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, visited the Queen. The Lord Chancellor and Lady Halsbury and the Right Hon. Sir Henry and Lady Holland arrived at the castle; they had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg dined with Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein at Cumberland Lodge. Mr. William Tyler had the honour of submitting to the Queen a marble bust of the late Earl of Idlesleigh, which he has executed by command of her Majesty; and Miss Emily Shinner had the honour of performing on the violin before the Queen and the Royal family.

Dec. 1, being the birthday of the Princess of Wales, it was celebrated with great rejoicing at Sandringham: all the children of the peasantry on the Royal estate and those belonging to the elementary schools in the neighbouring villages being invited to share in the festivities. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and guests staying at the house, were present. Their Royal Highnesses had a county ball at Sandringham next day. The Duke of Cambridge and the Italian Ambassador left Sandringham on Dec. 3 for London, having terminated their visit to the Prince and Princess. Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., and the Rev. Frederick J. Ponsonby, Vicar of St. Mary Magdalen, Munster-square, St. Pancras, arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess. The Prince and Princess, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, accompanied by the guests staying at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalen in the park on Sunday, Dec. 4. The Rev. E. Heseltine, Curate of West Newton and Sandringham, officiated, and the Rev. F. J. Ponsonby preached the sermon.—The Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène terminated their visit to the Prince and Princess on Dec. 5, and left Sandringham for London. Earl and Countess Cadogan also left Sandringham. On Dec. 5 the Prince of Wales arrived in London, from Sandringham, to visit the Smithfield Club Cattle Show. His Royal Highness presided at a meeting of the organising committee of the Imperial Institute next morning, afterwards returning to Sandringham.

## THE THEATRICAL MISSION INSTITUTE.

Princess Christian, on Nov. 30, opened a bazaar at Macready House, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, held in aid of the funds of this institution. Her Royal Highness, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, was received by the Rev. S. F. Cumberlege, chairman of the committee and Rector of the parish, and was conducted to the children's play-room, where a juvenile choir sang a Jubilee adaptation of the National Anthem. Mr. Courthope Todd, founder of the mission, read an address which stated that during the theatrical season a large number of persons, mainly children and young women, connected with the theatres, visited the rooms; but the institution was in debt several hundred pounds. It had, during ten years past, contributed much to the comfort and the moral and social benefit of that class, and lacked only the necessary funds to extend its usefulness. Many purses, containing from £2 to £10, were presented to Princess Christian, who, after a dedicatory prayer by the Rev. Dr. Meynell Whitmore, opened the bazaar. Their Royal Highnesses were conducted through the bazaar, and inspected the remainder of the building, which is to be used as a theatrical orphanage when the funds are sufficient. The bazaar remained open during the next day, enlivened by musical and other entertainments, in which Mrs. Welman, Mr. Leland Langley, Miss Mand Welman, and other ladies and gentlemen, bore part, together with a number of children.

Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. have issued some spick-and-span new specialties in Christmas crackers and other mirth-inciting novelties—so, boys and girls, look out for fun.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Dec. 6.

All is well that ends well. Paris has narrowly escaped revolutionary disorder; at one time it was feared that the gutters might flow with blood; and, with the cavalry massed here and there, the capital might have suggested the outposts of an army, had it not been for the black lines of policemen, with their mantles and jack-boots, who shared with the soldiers the difficult task of restraining the mob. What did the mob want? Why did the general indifference manifested at the beginning of the recent crisis suddenly change into excitement and even anxiety? Why, during two days, did Paris thrill and quiver with terrible nervous tension? The singular and undignified obstinacy of M. Grévy, by prolonging the crisis day after day, certainly aggravated the public; but when once the resignation of M. Grévy had been obtained, and the Congress had been summoned at Versailles to elect a new President, the chief cause of popular agitation was the candidature of M. Jules Ferry. "Throw Ferry into the Seine!" was the cry. If Ferry is elected, we must take possession of the Hôtel de Ville and proclaim the Commune!" said the revolutionaries. And as there was a possibility of Ferry being elected on Dec. 3, the day of the meeting of the Congress, Paris was strongly guarded by soldiers and police, the more so because, on the previous day, there had been considerable skirmishing between the mob and the military, resulting in not a few broken heads.

The voting at the Congress of Versailles very soon reduced the list of candidates to two, Jules Ferry and Sadi Carnot; and at the last ballot, the Republicans determined to concentrate on M. Sadi Carnot, and so, at last, out of 827 votes M. Sadi Carnot obtained 616, General Saussier 188, and the rest were scattered uselessly. The news of the election was received in Paris with joy; there was, at once, no more talk of rioting or disorder; and on the next day, Sunday, Paris wore a sort of holiday aspect, and looked much as it does on July 14, the day of the national fête, except that flags and illuminations were rare.

The crisis having happily come to an end, everybody wants to know who, and what manner of man, is M. Sadi Carnot, fourth President of the French Republic; for, although M. Carnot has had an honourable and useful Parliamentary career, it must be confessed that he is quite unknown to the public, and that, a month ago, nobody would have believed that he could ever become President of the Republic. It is indirectly to Madame Limouzin that he owes his fortune. When the trial of that lady caused the Chamber of Deputies to look into certain operations of M. Wilson, in which M. Grévy was more or less an accomplice, it was stated that, in spite of the insistence of M. Grévy, M. Sadi Carnot, then Minister of Finance, had refused to authorise a certain illegal restitution of money which had been paid into the Treasury and demanded by Dreyfus Brothers, through M. Wilson. The Chamber of Deputies was so astounded and delighted to find an honest man, in the midst of all the abominable roguery of the Wilson scandal, that all the members rose and cheered M. Sadi Carnot. Behold an honest man, belonging to an honourable family! And on these titles M. Sadi Carnot has been elected Head of the State. Born at Limoges, Aug. 11, 1837, Marie François Sadi Carnot is the son of Lazare Hippolyte Carnot, senior member of the Senate, who is himself son of the great Carnot, member of the Convention: Carnot, "the organiser of victory" whom Napoleon I. made a Count. He was educated at the Polytechnic school, and at the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées, and followed his career of a Government engineer until 1870, when he held a post in the Government of the Défense Nationale. In 1871 he represented the Department of the Côte d'Or in the Assemblée Nationale, and has sat in Parliament for that Department ever since. He has been four times President of the Union Démocratique of the Chamber, Secretary and Vice-President of the Chamber, Reporter of the Budget, Under-Secretary of State for Public Works from 1878 to 1880, Minister of Public Works from 1880 to 1881, and Minister of Finance in the last Freycinet Cabinet, which fell on Dec. 3, 1886. M. Carnot married a daughter of the economist Dupont-White, and has four children—a son in the army, a daughter married to the Avocat-général of Dijon, and two young sons. Personally, he is a lean, black-haired gentleman, of medium height, wearing a full beard and moustache, and a melancholy air. In the Chamber, he is not famous for his gaiety. With the Parisian shopkeepers the great question is, Will the new President give fêtes, keep a Republican Court, and make it good for trade; or will the Elysée continue to be dull, mean, stingy, and paltry, as it was during M. Grévy's presidency? M. Carnot, it may be added, is comparatively rich, and will not need to economise on his salary of 50,000*f.* a month, or his parade-expenses allowance of 25,000*f.*, or his travelling allowance of the same sum.

And now that the Presidential crisis is over, what will happen? How long will the honeymoon of France and her President last? Probably, until the bonbon season and the Christmas holidays are over; for, the moment the President begins to act, people will begin to criticise, and the intrigues of parties to rage once more. President Carnot is an Independent, belonging to no party, and having no ties or embarrassments. The Cabinet which he will form will be one of concentration, and not a fighting Cabinet. But there remains none the less, as before, a financial embarrassment, a religious question, and, in the Chamber, three irreconcilable parties—the Radicals, the Opportunists, and the Monarchists; the two leaders of hostile factions, Ferry and Freycinet; the maker and slayer of Ministries, Clémenceau; and, in short, a Parliament so composed that a frank majority cannot be obtained by any Cabinet.

To conclude with this all-absorbing topic of the new President, it may be added that M. Carnot is the youngest of the Presidents of the French Republic hitherto elected. Thiers was seventy-four when he was elected, Marshal MacMahon sixty-four, and M. Grévy sixty-five. M. Thiers was elected almost unanimously; Marshal MacMahon obtained 390 votes; M. Grévy, 563 the first time and 457 the second. M. Carnot, as above stated, obtained 616 votes.

The Queen of Spain took with her the infant King, seven-months old, to the opening of the Cortes on Dec. 1. The Royal Speech stated that the foreign relations of Spain were satisfactory, and it adverted to the forthcoming Conference upon the affairs of Morocco. At the Congress of Deputies, Señor Martos was re-elected President by a majority of 161.

An earthquake occurred at Calabria on Dec. 3, attended with the loss of many lives.

The revised Constitution of the Netherlands, as recently passed by the States-General, has been formally promulgated throughout the kingdom.

The Serbian Skuptschina was opened at Belgrade on Dec. 3, by King Milan in person.

The improvement in the health of the Crown Prince of Germany continues.

President Cleveland's Message to the American Congress is remarkable for pointing out the absolute necessity for reducing

the present high Customs duties in the United States. With regard to the wool tariff he states that the farmers lose more by the high price of clothing than they can gain by the increased value of wool. He urges Congress to approach the whole subject in a spirit higher than partisanship.

A telegram from Capetown states that a proclamation of the Governor and High Commissioner has been issued formally notifying the ratification by the Queen of the treaty concluded by Sir Arthur Havelock, Governor of Natal, with Zambili, the paramount chief of the Tonga country.

The Viceroy of India arrived at Lahore on Dec. 3. His visit was unattended by any public ceremonies. His Excellency started on Dec. 7 for Bhurtpore.—The death of Maneekjee Cursetjee, late Judge of the High Court of Bombay, is announced.

The Portrait of M. Sadi Carnot, the new President of the French Republic, is from a photograph by P. Antony and Co., 18, Boulevard Montmartre, Paris.

Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P., has been elected treasurer of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple for the ensuing year, in succession to the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Henry Dunning Macleod has been elected unanimously a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Jurisprudence and Legislation of Madrid.

There was a slight shock of earthquake early in the morning of Dec. 1, in Lancashire. It affected the Bolton and Chorley districts.

Lord Crawford occupied the chair at the anniversary dinner of the ancient Scottish Corporation of London; and it was announced that £1606, including 100 guineas from the Queen, had been subscribed.

A full meeting of the members of the Victoria Institute took place on Dec. 5, when twenty-five new home and foreign members were elected, after which a paper in regard to evolution was read by the Rev. H. J. Clarke. A discussion ensued.

On Dec. 5 the first meeting of the County Cricket Council was held in the pavilion at Lord's, when the rules drawn up by the sub-committee were discussed and adopted. Lord Harris was unanimously elected chairman of the council for next year.

The fine old priory church at Brecon has received an addition to its stained glass, of a window from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, the gift of Mr. Aneurin George, in memory of his wife and daughter.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge sold at their rooms in Wellington-street, Strand, on Dec. 5, a collection of original drawings and pencil sketches of the late Hablot K. Browne (Phiz). The collection realised about £500.

In London 2599 births and 1704 deaths were registered in the week ending Dec. 3. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 144, and the deaths 46, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The Rev. G. F. Browne, B.D., of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, has been elected by the Vice-Chancellor and heads of houses to the lately-vacant Disney professorship of archaeology for the statutable period of five years.

The recreation-room at the new head-quarters of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers has been formally opened by the hon. secretary, Mr. Cherrill. It has been furnished entirely by voluntary contributions from the rank and file.

What would Christmas be to the young without the toys and other knickknacks? Mr. Cremer, jun., of 210, Regent-street, has this year an unusual supply of toys, puzzles, and playthings of all kinds, both for boys and girls, and even for those of a larger growth.

The Engravings in one of our half-sheets, representing Mr. Darwin's house at Down, Beckenham, his study, his greenhouse, and his "usual walk," are borrowed from the *Century Magazine* of January, 1883, in which they accompanied an article by Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, F.R.S., on "The Debt of Science to Darwin." The View of Down House is from a photograph by Mr. H. Browning Hogg, of Bromley.

Among the inviting packets and boxes of Christmas literary and artistic "bonbons," those prepared by Messrs. Griffith and Farren, Okeden, and Welsh, of St. Paul's-churchyard, are not the least acceptable. "The Little Wonder-Box" contains sixty pretty little story-books, fairy-tales by Miss Jean Ingelow; "The Children's Gallery" consists of portraits of lovely children, beautifully coloured, of which there are four series.

The reception of Josef Hofmann, the extraordinary juvenile pianist, in America, seems to have been as enthusiastic as that which he recently met with in this country. There is no doubt that the results of his American tour will quite equal those of his English experiences. It is to be hoped that his powers may not be overtaxed by the long-continued strain to which they are being subjected.

Considering the large number of Christmas and New-Year cards noticed in previous issues, it might have been thought that the supply had ceased; but here comes another batch deserving mention. Messrs. Sockl and Nathan, fine-art publishers, of 41, Jewin-crescent, E.C., have produced, among other elegancies, some scented cushion-cards, others with silk feathers, Army and Navy cards, Court cards having the design printed on the perforated card, and Liliputian cards for children—all in excellent taste.

The annual supper for the criminal classes provided by the St. Giles's Christian Mission at the hall in Little Wild-street, Drury-lane, took place on Dec. 6, under the presidency of Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P. About 200 discharged prisoners who were under the immediate supervision of the mission were entertained with a substantial meal, and a meeting was subsequently held in the chapel. Mr. George Hatton, superintendent of the mission, read a statement of the excellent work done.

Under the presidency of Lord Herschell a conference on existing distress was held at the Memorial Hall, on Dec. 5. On the motion of Cardinal Manning, it was resolved that, whether this distress be regarded as exceptional or chronic, it demands earnest and immediate consideration, and a resolution in favour of relief works under proper conditions was also adopted.—The directors of the Waterbury Watch Company are registering the unemployed of the whole of London—having opened sixty offices, one in each constituency—and employed close on 400 men for the work.

The Guildhall Orchestral and Choral Society gave a concert on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 3, in the Guildhall. The occasion brought forward a new civic anthem, "Hail to the Lord Mayor," composed by Mr. H. Weist Hill, the principal of the Guildhall School of Music. The composition is well suited to its purpose, being clear and earnest in its musical expression. The baritone solo was sung by the Rev. D. T. F. Davies. The orchestral and choral performances of the students were significant of very successful training. Favourable specimens of composition were produced by Misses K. Llewellyn and E. Sweepstone, and Mr. R. S. Strickland; and more or less vocal skill was displayed by Misses A. Morley, C. Norman, L. Brown, A. Swinfen, M. Hallam, and Mr. H. Clinch. Mr. H. W. Hill conducted the performances.

## SEASONABLE PRESENTS.

"Making agreeable presents," is said by Dean Swift "to be an affair of as delicate a nature as most in the course of life." And he adds that he never knew Stella's equal in this respect. A present, she used to say, is a gift to a friend of something he wants, or is fond of, and which cannot "be easily gotten for money."

The definition is a good one, but a little too refined, perhaps, for most people. The rarity of a present and the difficulty of obtaining it add a relish to the gift, perhaps; but it does not add to its value as an indication of friendship. The lover, if worthy of the name, prefers a lock of hair to a diamond ring; and friends, who are akin to lovers, are content with trifles, so long as they testify to the affection of the givers. Swift continues his panegyric of the poor woman whose life was linked so fatally to his by observing that while Stella loved to give, she was unwilling to receive. I hope this reluctance was not a virtue, for I must confess that I have it not. I like giving presents, when I can afford to do so; and at Christmas time, such is the wholesome influence of the season, I am so tempted to be generous that nothing but a strong sense of duty forces me to keep my purse shut. "Generous fellow!" I say to myself, "you are willing to give freely to-day, but to-morrow you will want the money again. Good intentions are delightful; but a bad account at the bank is not. Be content, then, with the intentions." But I argue differently about people who give me presents. They cannot lay out their money better if discretion tempers generosity. A bride has lately had about thirty wedding presents, consisting of ornaments under glass shades. She detests glass shades, and I have a fellow-feeling; also my friends may be glad to know that I have no wish for a white elephant, a parrot, or a gorilla; and if a horse is brought to my gate I shall defy the proverb, and shall beg leave to look in its mouth with a view to an immediate sale. Not that I am fastidious. If Smith gives me a silver cigarette-case I promise to use it daily until I receive a gold one; I don't object to fine editions of great authors, and artists who send me proof impressions and books of etchings I number with my choicest friends. Here it may be hinted that legacies, however welcome, seldom increase one's affection for the dear deceased. I prefer gifts from the living. There is more of sentiment in them—and they can be repeated.

A present should be adapted to a person's taste. The most beautiful dog in England would have given no pleasure to the poet Gray, who said he could not keep an animal that might cause his death; and no man in his senses will dream of sending good old port to a teetotaler. I think, too, that presents lose much of their value when they are expected as a matter of course. Birthday gifts are open to this objection. The unexpected is a great source of pleasure; it is like brilliant sunshine after a week of rain; or like sudden light upon a difficulty that has hitherto defied solution. Mr. Frith describes his "profound astonishment" upon hearing from one of the Royal Academy porters that he had been made an Associate; and a young verse man who gets his early rhymes into a good journal has a pleasure not often exceeded in after life. When a man is accustomed to success he takes it as a matter of course; when it is unexpected it is sweet. One wonders how much pleasure the Queen has derived from her presents this year. In her case the mere possession of so much that is rich and rare can be of little account, but the genuine feeling that prompted so many of the gifts must, one would think, prove a distinct delight.

Gifts of money are not always objectionable, but they need a large amount of discretion on the part of the giver. A certain English King, walking *incog.*, overheard a poor fellow saying that £10 would make him happy. He ascertained that he was a deserving man, and sent him the money. A present from Royalty is supposed to dignify rather than to degrade the receiver; but if my old friend Brown were to write to me as follows, I don't think, although awfully poor, especially about the Christmas season, I should be able to thank him:—

"Dear Tomkins,—I know you are, and always have been, an unlucky fellow, perpetually hoping, like Micawber, that something will turn up, which it never does. Yet you are undeniably clever [Thank you, Brown], and ought not to be in difficulties [The brute forgets that I have seven unmarried daughters!]. But at Christmas time one remembers early friendships, however foolish they may be, and so, with the best wishes of the season, I enclose a cheque for £5."

Presents may be given for diverse reasons, and not always from goodwill. In the last century a visit to the house of a great man was a costly affair, and an essayist of the time tells us how we must pay for our dinner if we dine with a Duke. After describing the attention of the servants at the banquet, he adds that as you go out they are drawn into two lines right and left, and through this lane must the visitor pass before reaching the door. "Now, it is your business," writes the essayist, "to discharge yr. servants; and for this purpose you are to take out yr. money and apply it, first on your right hand, then on yr. left, then on yr. right and then on yr. left again, till you find yourself in the street." The custom of giving valets to servants exists still, but in a form so modified that we cease to grumble at it.

Much more might be said about presents, but the season makes it unnecessary. All of my readers, it is to be hoped, will receive some before the month is out. I expect also to have a considerable number in return. There is space in my cellar, space on my book-shelves, space for a rare picture or two on my walls. In anticipation of the hampers and book parcels that will ere long reach my modest dwelling I am proud to present my friends and readers with this essay.—J. D.

Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to accept Mr. Mendelssohn's portrait of the late Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock), authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

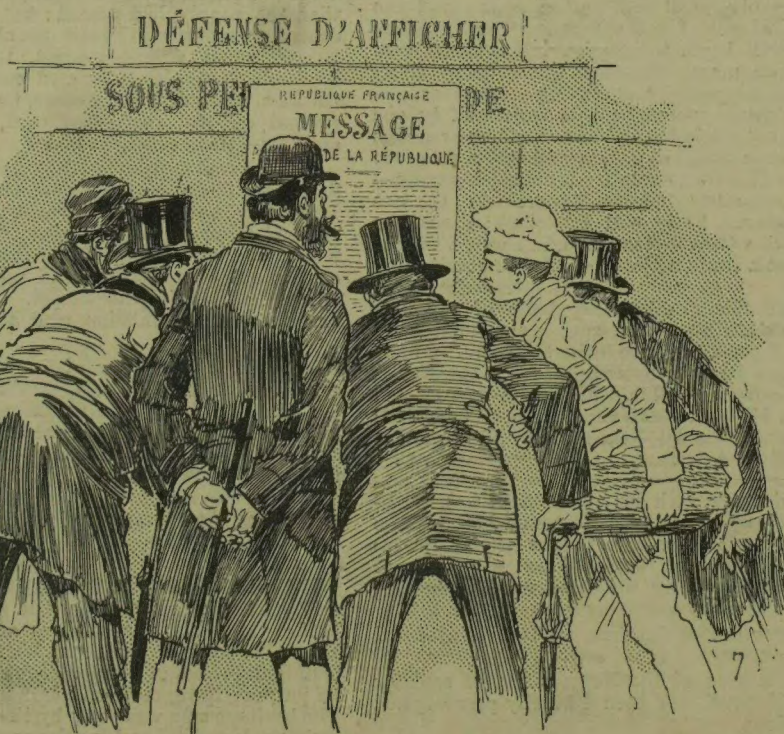
At Dulwich the Conservative candidate has been returned, the votes recorded numbering—for Mr. Blundell Maple (C), 4021; and for Mr. J. Henderson (Gladstonian), 2609.

Princess Christian opened a bazaar on Nov. 30 in aid of the Theatrical Mission Institute, held at the Institute, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. The Princess was accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

During her recent visit to Balmoral, Princess Christian drew the Queen's attention to the work carried on upon the high seas by means of the medical mission vessels of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen. The Queen not only intimated to the founder and director her approval and consent to become the patron of the institution, but also contributed a donation of fifty pounds to the funds.

Mr. Goschen, on Dec. 6, gave the opening address of the session to the members of the Statistical Society, taking for his subject the progress of national wealth. He showed that there had been a marked advance in the number of small investors, and a large increase in the number of persons with moderate incomes, whilst large incomes had diminished. He attributed this greater distribution of wealth to the extension of the limited liability system.





1. Reading the papers.  
2. A comic paper.

3. Prepared for self-defence.  
5. A bourgeois family looking out for the Revolution.

4. Dispersing a crowd.

6. Ouvriers discussing the crisis.  
7. The President's message.

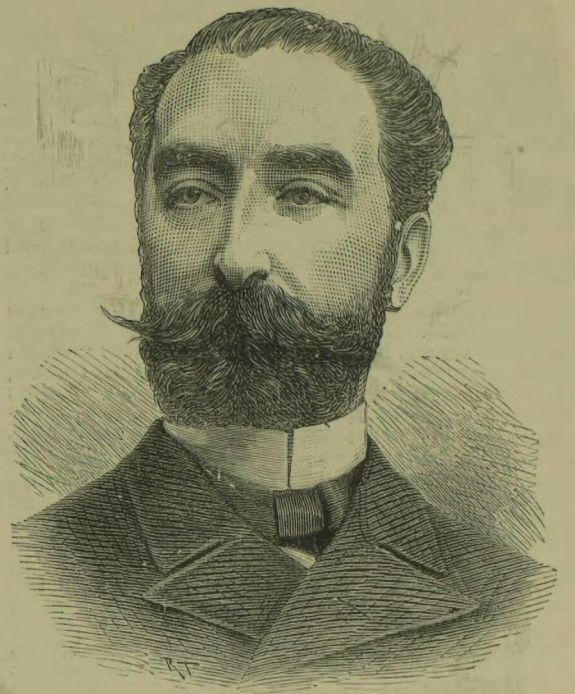




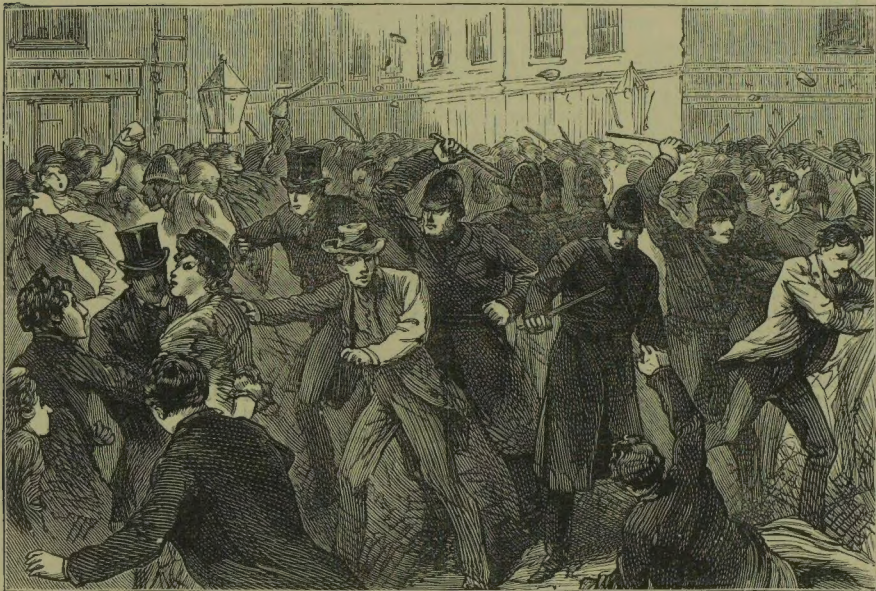
THE LATE EARL OF DALHOUSIE.



THE LATE COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE.



M. SADI CARNOT,  
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.



SUPPRESSED MEETING AT LIMERICK: STREET CONFLICT ON SUNDAY NIGHT.



POLICE PATROLLING THE CEMETERY AT LIMERICK.



THE UNIONIST DEMONSTRATION IN DUBLIN: LORD HARTINGTON AT THE BANQUET IN LEINSTER HALL.



## OBITUARY.

## VISCOUNT LYONS.

The Right Hon. Sir Richard Bickerton Pemell Lyons, M.A., D.C.L., Viscount and Baron Lyons, of Christchurch, Hants, and a Baronet, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., died at Norfolk House, St. James's-square, the town residence of his nephew, the Duke of Norfolk, on Dec. 5. He was born April 26, 1817, the elder son of Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons (created Baron Lyons in 1858), by

Augusta Louisa, his wife, daughter and coheir of Captain Josias Rogers, R.N. He received his education at Winchester and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1838. In 1839 he was appointed Attaché at Athens, in 1852 at Dresden, and in 1853 at Florence (with residence at Rome). In 1856 he became Secretary of Legation there, and in 1858 Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whence, at the end of the year, he was transferred to Washington. During his residence in America, he accompanied the Prince of Wales in H.R.H.'s tour through Canada and the States, and in 1862 signed the treaty with the United States for the suppression of the Slave Trade. In December, 1864, ill-health obliged him to return home. In the following March he was sworn of the Privy Council, and in the August of the same year went as Ambassador to Turkey, and thence, in 1867, to the Court of Paris. This all-important post he continued to fill with distinction and honour up to a short time before his death. In requital of his eminent services he received the insignia of G.C.B. and G.C.M.G., and was promoted to a Viscounty Nov. 17, 1881. He never married, and as his only brother, Captain the Hon. Edmund Mowbray Lyons, R.N., killed in action in the Crimea, was also unmarried, the Barony and Viscounty both become extinct. His Lordship had two sisters, Anne Theresa Bickerton, wife of Baron Philip Hartmann von Wirtzburg, and Augusta Mary Minna Catherine, Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, who died March 22, 1886.

## LORD HAWKE.

The Right Hon. and Rev. Edward Henry Julius, sixth Lord



Hawke, M.A., J.P., died suddenly, on Dec. 5. He was born Dec. 21, 1815, the elder son of the Hon. Martin Bladen Edward Hawke, and great-grandson of the famous Admiral, Lord Hawke, K.B. After graduating at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, in 1839, he entered holy

orders, became Rector of Willingham, in the county of Lincoln from 1854 to 1875, Vicar of Cates, 1867 to 1875, and was a Rural Dean. His Lordship succeeded to the title at the death of his cousin, Stanhope, fifth Lord, in May, 1870. He married, July, 1857, Jane, daughter of Mr. Henry Dower, of Laysthorpe, Yorkshire, and leaves issue. His eldest surviving son, Martin Bladen, now seventh Lord Hawke, was born Aug. 16, 1860.

## SIR J. T. B. DUCKWORTH, BART.

Sir John Thomas Buller Duckworth, second Baronet, of



Topsham, Devon, J.P. and D.L., Hon. Colonel 1st Devon Yeomanry Cavalry, died on Nov. 29, aged seventy-eight. He was only son of Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth, G.C.B., a very distinguished naval officer (on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1813), by Susannah Catherine,

his second wife, daughter of Dr. Buller, Bishop of Exeter. His elder half-brother, Lieutenant-Colonel George Henry Duckworth, was killed at Albuera. The Baronet whose death we record was educated at Eton and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1829. He entered the House of Commons as Conservative member for Exeter in 1845, and continued to sit until 1857. In 1861 he served as High Sheriff for Devon. He married, Dec. 17, 1850, Mary Isabella, youngest daughter of Mr. John Buller, of Morval, and had one son (who died an infant) and three daughters, of whom one only (the eldest) survives; the second, the wife of Mr. Francis Randle Twemlow, died in 1880. The baronetcy becomes extinct. Sir John held the office of a Referee of Private Bills, House of Commons.

## THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF SHANNON.

Emily Henrietta, Dowager Countess of Shannon, widow of Richard, late Earl, and youngest daughter of Lord George Seymour, died on Dec. 1, at 95, Piccadilly. Her grandfather was the first Marquis of Hertford, K.G., at one time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and her brother, the Right Hon. Sir George Hamilton Seymour, G.C.B., Ambassador to the Court of Austria. She was married, May 28, 1832, and had two sons, Henry Bentinck, the present Earl of Shannon, and the Hon. Frederick James Boyle, R.N., who died, unmarried, in 1861.

## MR. TOTTENHAM, M.P.

Mr. Albert Loftus Tottenham, of Glenfarne Hall, in the county of Leitrim, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1866, died in New York, of fever, on Dec. 4. He was born April 5, 1838, the eldest son of the late Mr. Nicholas Loftus Tottenham, of Glenfarne Hall, by Anne Maria, his wife, sister and heiress of Sir Francis Hopkins, Bart., of Athboy. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly a Captain in the Rifle Brigade. In 1876 he contested, unsuccessfully, the representation of the county of Leitrim, but was returned in 1880. He remained its member until November, 1885, and from that year sat for the city of Winchester. His politics were Conservative. He married, June 14, 1859, Sarah Anne, daughter of Mr. George Addenbrooke Gore, of Barrowmount, county Kilkenny, and leaves several children. The family of Tottenham of Glenfarne Hall is a junior branch of Tottenham of Tottenham-green, county Wexford, now represented by the Marquis of Ely.

## THE MOST REV. DR. M'GETTIGAN.

The Most Rev. Daniel M'Gettigan, D.D., R.C. Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Primate of all Ireland, died at the Palace, Ara-Cali, on Dec. 3, deeply and generally deplored. On the day of his decease the shutters were closed throughout the

city of Armagh by Protestants as well as Catholics. His Grace was son of a respectable farmer, Manasses M'Gettigan, and was born at Drimditton, in the county of Donegal, in November, 1813. His education, commenced at Navan Seminary, was carried on at Maynooth College, where he passed a very distinguished career. In 1839 he was ordained, and, after a short time, was appointed Administrator of Letterkenny. During his residence there he suffered a brief imprisonment for contempt of court, having refused to give information as a witness in a lawsuit. In 1856 he was consecrated Coadjutor of the Bishop of Raphoe, and, at that prelate's death in 1861, succeeded to the Bishopric, from which he was translated to the Primacy in 1870. His influence was beneficially felt throughout the whole diocese, his charity was only bounden by his means, and his efforts were always directed to the promotion of every good work.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Samuel Roberts, J.P., of The Tower, Sheffield, one of the trustees and treasurers of Firth College, recently, aged eighty-seven.

Dr. Power, Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford, on Dec. 6, after a protracted illness. Dr. Power was appointed Bishop of the diocese in 1873.

Sir William Richard Edwin Smart, K.C.B., M.D., Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets (retired), on Dec. 2, at The Firs, his residence at Harlesden, after a short illness, aged seventy.

Mr. George Henry Christie, J.P., formerly head of the eminent firm of art auctioneers, of Pall-mall, on Nov. 29, at his residence, Framingham, near Norwich, aged seventy-six.

Mr. Denis Crofton, younger son of the late Sir Morgan George Crofton, Baronet, of Mohill House, county of Leitrim, and uncle and heir presumptive of the present Sir Morgan George Crofton, fourth Baronet, on Dec. 2, aged sixty-eight.

Mr. James Edward Mason, C.M.G., late Commissioner for the colony of Fiji at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, and formerly a member of the Legislative Council, on Nov. 30, at Torquay, aged forty-one.

Mr. John Ridley, of Belsize Park, one of the earliest settlers in South Australia, on Nov. 25, aged eighty-one. He invented the well-known reaping-machine with which his name is associated.

General Henry Garner Rainey, C.B., 49th and 61st Regiments, on Nov. 25, at Linwood, Torquay, aged seventy-four. A distinguished officer, served much in China, as well as in India in the Indian Mutiny, and at the capture of Delhi.

Lady Langley (Maria Catherine), wife of General Sir G. C. Langley, K.C.B., and eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Penrice, of Witton House, Norfolk, on Nov. 25, at St. Helens, Southsea, aged sixty-six.

Captain Thomas Cokayne Maunsell, J.P., late 12th Royal Lancers, on Nov. 26, at his seat, Sparrows Herne Hall, Bushey-heath. He was third son of the late Colonel Thomas Philip Maunsell, of Thorpe Malsor, M.P. for Northamptonshire, by the Hon. Caroline Elizabeth Cokayne, his wife, niece of the last Viscount Cullen. He married, 1867, Catherine Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Richard Cavendish.

The Very Rev. Dr. Scott, Dean of Rochester, on Dec. 2, at the age of seventy-six. He was appointed to the Deanery of Rochester in 1870, and it was mainly through his exertions that the restoration of the cathedral was effected. He was, however, more widely known as joint author with Dean Liddell, of Christ Church, Oxford, of the standard Greek Lexicon. He was also one of the revisers of the New Testament.

## THE LATE LORD AND LADY DALHOUSIE.

The death, on Nov. 25, of the Earl of Dalhousie, a few days after that of his wife, at Havre, where he had gone on account of her illness, has been felt as an event doubly sad. Lady Dalhousie's mother, Lady Tankerville, was with her during the illness, which lasted ten days. His Lordship was seized with an apoplectic fit, and died in a few hours. The bodies of the late Earl and Countess were conveyed to Scotland, and were, on Dec. 1, interred in the churchyard of Cockpen, in the vicinity of Dalhousie Castle, near Edinburgh. The late Earl, the Right Hon. John William Ramsay, was forty years of age; he formerly served in the Royal Navy, was Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh, and sat a few months in the House of Commons, but succeeded his father in July, 1880; he held the office of Secretary of State for Scotland in Mr. Gladstone's last Government. He married, in December, 1877, Lady Ida Louisa Bennet, youngest daughter of the Earl of Tankerville. They leave five sons—the eldest, Arthur, Lord Ramsay, being in his tenth year.

The Portrait of the late Earl is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company; and that of Lady Dalhousie from one by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, of Newcastle-on-Tyne and London.

Mr. George Chew has been appointed by the Lords of the Treasury Special Commissioner of Income Tax, in the room of the late Mr. Walter Bathurst Long.

A circular has been issued to the guarantors of this year's Liverpool Exhibition calling upon them to pay the amount which they guaranteed, to cover the deficit of over £50,000.

Canon Trevor, Rector of Beeford, near Driffild, has been elected, unopposed, as Proctor to Convocation for the Archdeaconry of the East Riding, in place of the late Rev. T. J. Monson, Rector of Kirby-under-Dale.

Her Majesty the Queen has accepted the dedication of "Norard of the Dogger," the new book by Mr. E. J. Mather (founder and director of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen), which Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. have published.

The Marquis of Salisbury has sold to Mr. T. J. Steel, of 31, Gracechurch-street, his freehold property, consisting of Cecil-street and Salisbury-street, in the Strand, together with the lower land extending to the Embankment-gardens, a total area of 86,000 ft., for £200,000.

Parkins and Gatto, of Oxford-street, have some pretty designs in complimentary cards for Christmas. These cards, of various shapes, being for the most part printed with the sender's name, and ornamented with crest or monogram, seem to be fast taking the place in fashionable circles of the old Christmas cards, though, judging by the number produced, these still seem to be sought after largely for children and others.

The eighth annual exhibition of home-made and other toys—obtained through the instrumentality of the editor of *Truth*—for distribution amongst the children in the various London hospitals, workhouses, workhouse schools, and infirmaries, will be held in the large ball-room at Willis's Rooms on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 19 and 20. On previous occasions there have only been from 14,000 to 15,000 toys distributed, whereas this year there will be nearly 22,000. Another new feature consists in the fact that all the dolls (3800) have been dressed free of charge by amateurs, and will form in themselves a unique collection.

## LITERATURE AND BOOKS.

Although all literature is contained in books, a small proportion only of the books that are published is entitled to be called literature. Works of a useful and most praiseworthy class, invaluable oftentimes in their special departments, may be wholly destitute of the qualities which would give their authors a literary standing. Books of a technical and professional character—medical, legal, theological, for instance—are not literature, although there are instances, no doubt, in which professional men have thrown their special knowledge into a literary form. The requisites for a literary work are, I think, a mastery of style, a sense of proportion, a sense of beauty, a generous enthusiasm, and that largeness of thought which marks all books possessing a permanent value. This is not all. Literature, while charming the select few who perhaps can alone thoroughly appreciate it, should also appeal in some degree to all readers of moderate culture. A book that can only be understood by specialists must have its worth appraised upon other grounds. If this view is a correct one, a volume on Egyptian hieroglyphics, or on the Law of Property, is not literature; while a poem, a history, or a biography may be.

Poetry stands at the head of all literature, because it is the expression of the noblest thought in the most perfect language. Moreover, it is unaffected by time. The progress of science soon makes a scientific text-book incomplete; the logician of one generation is superseded in the next; even the great historian, owing to more recent researches and larger knowledge, is liable to be forgotten; but no change of thought, no progress in culture, can affect the admiration we cherish for Homer and Dante, for Shakspeare and Milton. And the same truth holds good with regard to the highest imaginative literature in prose, and to works that deal with human nature, rather than with mere abstract theories. Will not Plato, will not Don Quixote, will not the Waverley Novels, be always read? and it does not need much of a prophet to foretell the permanence of Montaigne and "Elia," or of Boswell's "Johnson." Now and then pure weight of thought will sometimes sustain a book which, like Bishop Butler's "Analogy," is wanting in literary art; but this is an exception to a general rule, and it may be capped by the statement that the purest style will not save a book from oblivion that lacks interest of subject—witness Southey's "History of Brazil." Scott, who was, in some respects, delighted with that book, detected its weak points when he wrote to the author:—"A more faithless and worthless set than both Dutch and Portuguese I have never read of, and it requires your knowledge of the springs of human action, and your lively description of 'hairbreadth 'scapes,' to make one care whether the hog bites the dog or the dog bites the hog." On the other hand, more than one historical work, which might almost be buoyed up by the liveliness and keen interest of the subject, has sunk owing to the want of literary form. Partly, it is due to this reason that Alison's voluminous "History of Europe" has lost the position which, for a while, it appeared to hold. And Grote's "Greece," despite the immense learning of its author, suffers not a little from the absence of literary art. "A perpetual clumsiness in the construction of common sentences" and "Cyclopean epithets piled together, almost at random, on any substantive which will have the complaisance to receive them," are defects not a little unfavourable to a literary immortality.

One significant test of a book's literary merit is that it will bear reading again and again. We turn to the great works of genius, not so much for information as for suggestion and delight. They strengthen us intellectually, they raise us spiritually, they give a fuller sense of life, they make life more harmonious. It may be sometimes difficult to say what we have learnt from a great poet or imaginative writer, but we are conscious that his words have invigorated us. Literature that fails to do this is unworthy of the name. It may be brilliant but it is not seminal. Milton said that every poet's life should be a poem, and, indeed, all literature worthy of the name is so far poetical that it gives us "nobler loves and nobler cares," making us stronger and wiser than we should otherwise have been.

If this be true, it is evident that there may be an enormous multiplication of books without any corresponding growth of literature. I wonder whether my readers keep lists of the volumes they study or run through hastily in the course of the year. In that case, it might be worth while to look carefully through the lists, and to see how many of the books merely answered the purpose—a strange purpose, truly—of killing time, and how many were, in the best and highest sense of the word, literature. Possibly it may be sometimes difficult to answer the question, since an inferior book has been known to create a profound impression. We wonder now at the influence exercised by the graceful but watery sonnets of Bowles upon men like Lamb and Wordsworth and Coleridge, since on no living person are they likely to leave the faintest mark; but, on the whole, it will be possible to judge with tolerable correctness if a reader blessed with some literary taste tries the test I have mentioned, and ascertains how many of the books of the year he is willing to read a second and a third time; how many he would like to place upon his shelves as an abiding possession.

Having done this he will find, I think, that literature, if we judge of it correctly, is almost as rare as genius—perhaps quite as rare. Let me, in closing this short essay on a large subject, repeat in other words what we may fairly demand from an author who aspires to write a work that may claim to rank as literature. His book must be pure in style, rich in thought, strong with the vital power that infuses life into his readers, great in conception, beautiful in form, with enough of imagination to give it harmony, and enough of enthusiasm to kindle it in others, while maintaining the "sweet reasonableness" that keeps passion within bounds. It may be said that this is a high, and except for intellects rarely gifted, an unattainable standard. True, but it is what the genuine man of letters must strive after, and it is what the greatest men of letters have attained.

Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho-square, have produced an "Album of Gems" richly deserving its name. The many fine lithographic illustrations in it, each requiring nearly a score of printings, are from drawings by Miss Kate Crawford.

The marriage of the Hon. Edward Douglas-Pennant, eldest son of Lord Penrhyn, to the Hon. Blanche Fitzroy, youngest daughter of the late Lord Southampton, and sister to the present Peer, was solemnised on Dec. 6 at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The bride was given away by her brother, Lord Southampton. There were eight bridesmaids—the Hon. Hilda and Ina Douglas-Pennant, Miss Zoe Nugent, Miss Ruth Whitbread, Miss H. Seymour, Miss Bertha Chaplin, Miss Anna Fitzroy, and Miss Marjorie Roberts; and Mr. Allan Finch, 1st Life Guards, attended the bridegroom as best man.—The marriage of Lord D'Arcy Godolphin-Osborne and Mrs. Laycock, widow of the late Robert Laycock, M.P., of Wiseton Hall, Notts, and daughter of Christian Allhusen, of Stoke Court, Slough, was solemnised at Stoke Poges church, on Dec. 6.



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SKETCHES AT THE ISLINGTON CATTLE SHOW.

The annual Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club, which was opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday, Dec. 5, was the largest yet held, and its excellence has never been surpassed. Three hundred head of cattle were entered, 36 Devons, 45 Herefords, 62 short-horns, 31-Sussex, and 126 Scotch and of other breeds. The Queen took first prize for Devon steers not exceeding two years. Her Majesty also carried off the first prize for Devon steers above two and not exceeding three years; Sir Redvers Buller taking second and the Prince of Wales third prize in this class. For Devon steers between three and four years the Queen also took first prize; Mr. James D. Allen, of Lamyatt, Bath, taking second, and Viscount Falmouth third. For short-horns under two years Mr. George Wilken, of Forbes Alford, N.B., took first

prize; the Queen taking second; and Mr. James Bruce, of Inverquhomery, Longside, Aberdeenshire, third. Mr. Colman, M.P., took first and second prizes for red-polled steers under three years, and first for the same class over three years and for red-polled cows. The championship of the whole show was awarded to the polled Aberdeen cow belonging to Mr. Clement Stephenson, to which the same honour was awarded at Birmingham. This animal, Young Bellona, has thus won the two principal championships of the stock shows of the year, and prizes amounting in all to £200 and a gold medal. She won first honours in her class, the £25 silver cup as the best of her breed, the £50 silver cup as the best heifer or cow in the show, and the £105 champion plate as the best beast in the show. Besides this

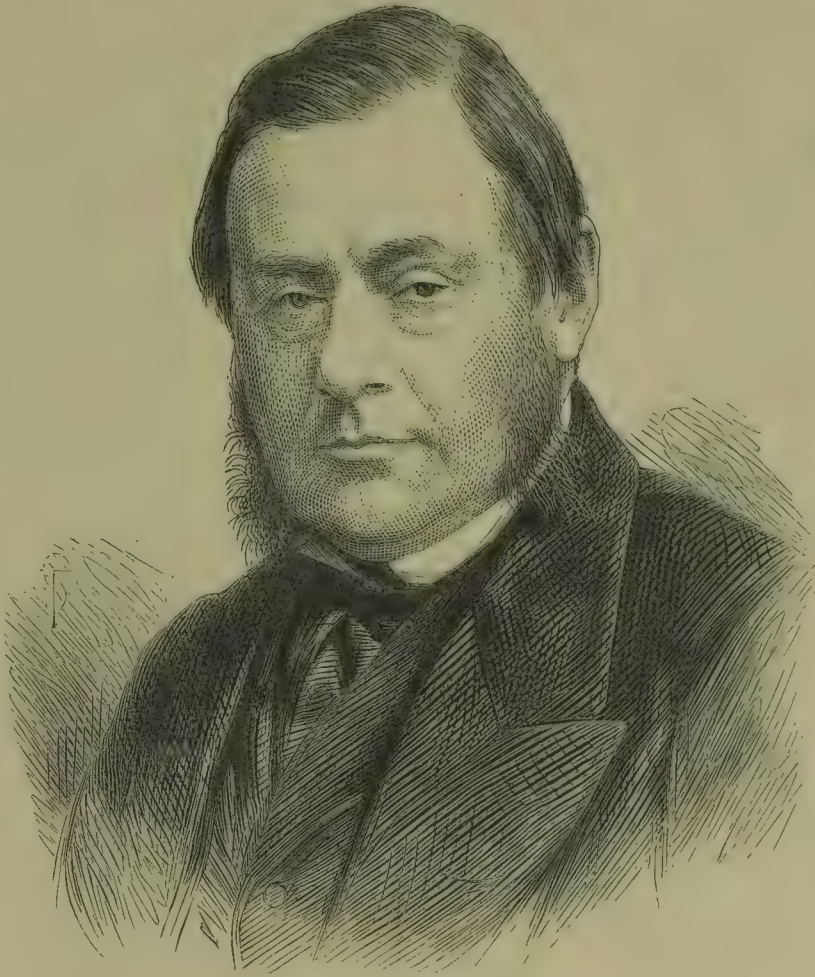
victory for the Scotch breeds, the polled Aberdeens secured another, the championship for the best ox or steer, with £100 in prizes, going to an animal belonging to Sir W. Gordon Gordon-Cumming, which, at a month under three years old, has a live weight of nearly 17 cwt.

The attendance at the show was quite up to the average. In the afternoon of the first day the Prince of Wales visited the exhibition, accompanied by the Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène. His Royal Highness was received by the Earl of Feversham, president-elect (in the absence of the president, the Duke of Edinburgh), Mr. Leeds, as representing the Agricultural Hall Company; Mr. Matthew Savidge (senior steward), Mr. Powell (for Mr. H. J. Hine, secretary, who is ill), and the stewards of the Smithfield Club.



## THE LATE LORD LYONS.

The retirement of Lord Lyons, announced at the beginning of November, from the post which he had occupied twenty years as British Ambassador at Paris, has been followed by a short illness, terminating in his death, which took place on Monday, Dec. 5, at the house of the Duke of Norfolk in London. This experienced, able, judicious, and eminently trustworthy member of the diplomatic service was seventy years of age last April, and had been in that service from the age of twenty-two. In 1858 he succeeded his father, Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Lord Lyons, in the baronetcy and peerage. He was then sent to Washington as representative of this country in the United States; and his services there, until February, 1865, during the American Civil War and the international disputes arising from it, were of great value. He was two years Ambassador at Constantinople, and in July, 1867, succeeded Lord Cowley at Paris. The war between France and Germany, the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon III., and the position of the French Republic in its first years, gave Lord Lyons occasion to exercise his judgment and sagacity amidst very critical conditions, and his conduct on all the occasions in which he was obliged to take a part was generally approved. He was invited last year by Lord Salisbury to come to England and enter the Cabinet as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but declined the offer. His rank in the Peerage was, in 1881, advanced from that of Baron to that of Viscount, and recently to an Earldom. The Portrait which we here reproduce is from a photograph taken some years ago by Messrs. Maull and Co., of London.



THE LATE LORD LYONS.

## THE STATE OF IRELAND.

The suppression by Government proclamation, at Limerick, of the Nationalist League meeting that was to have been held on Sunday, Nov. 27, occasioned some disturbances in that city. It had been intended to deliver speeches at the unveiling of a memorial cross, in the Limerick Cemetery, bearing record of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, the three men hanged at Manchester, in 1867, for the murder of Sergeant Brett in an attempted rescue of Fenian prisoners. The meeting was prohibited, with a warning to the people not to collect in the streets on the Sunday, or to approach St. Lawrence's Cemetery, where a large body of police, fifty men of the Warwickshire Regiment, and a squadron of the 3rd Hussars, guarded the memorial. There were forces of equal strength at the railway terminus and at Bank-place. Captain Stokes, District Magistrate, was in command, assisted by Colonel Pearse, R.M., Major Rolleston, R.M., and Mr. Irwin, R.M. At Bank-place the people were several times charged by the police. A number of constables entered the Mechanics' Institute, and removed four poles covered with crape, which projected from the windows. In the evening a great tumult arose. Thousands of people thronged the streets, and about eight o'clock the police commenced a series of charges, using their batons freely. Many of the people offered stout

resistance and groaned at their antagonists, and the struggle became fierce. Stones were thrown from among the crowd, and two constables were so severely injured that they were conveyed to Barrington's Hospital, where many civilians were also admitted suffering from scalp wounds. The fighting at last became so serious that the police charged with fixed bayonets, which caused the crowd to retreat. Thirty persons had their wounds dressed at Barrington's Hospital, amongst them Mr. Philip Fogarty, an officer of the Petty Sessions Court. Order was restored about eleven o'clock, and the town was then comparatively quiet.

On Friday, Dec. 2, the Lord Mayor of Dublin (Mr. T. D.

Sullivan, M.P.) was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and Mr. Timothy Harrington, M.P., was arrested at his residence over the offices of the head-quarters of the League in Sackville-street, and conveyed in custody to Tralee to be prosecuted there. The official charge against both is the same—publication in their respective journals, the *Nation* and the *Kerry Sentinel*, of proceedings of suppressed branches of the League. There were no fewer than eight summonses against the Lord Mayor. Mr. O'Donel, the chief Divisional Magistrate, said it was a very painful duty to have to convict the Chief Magistrate of the city, but he was bound to do his duty. He should, however, having regard to his age and his position, be treated as a first-class misdemeanant during his two months' incarceration. The Lord Mayor said he should not appeal against the sentence. A warrant was then made out for his committal to Richmond Bridewell, and he was taken there in a cab, escorted by police on outside cars, and followed by a crowd who cheered for the Lord Mayor and William O'Brien. The mob was stopped in Parliament-street, where the police formed across the street, and by a vigorous use of their batons kept the people back, leaving the police and their charge to proceed without further interruption to the jail.

It is stated that the prosecution of the Lord Mayor of Dublin will be followed by a number of cases against proprietors of provincial journals for publishing notes of suppressed branches of the National League. It is also probable that inquiries under the Act will be instituted.

Mr. T. Harrington, the secretary of the League, was brought up at Tralee along with his brother, Edward Harrington, M.P. When arrested he stated that he had not edited or written for the *Kerry Sentinel* for the last five years. When the train reached Killarney, a number of persons assembled on the platform, cheered Mr. Harrington, and shouted "Mitchelstown." The police forced the people out of the station with their batons, and finally drew their swords and made some arrests, while great excitement prevailed.

The Commander-in-Chief has issued a general order to the Army which notifies that the Queen has approved of sixty-three corps of rifle volunteers in various parts of the country bearing in future the titles of "Volunteer Battalions" of the Line regiments to which they are attached. The corps which will thus cease to bear their old names belong to Suffolk, Cambridge, Yorkshire, Hertford, Bedford, Cheshire, Surrey, Cumberland, Westmorland, Dorset, Pembroke, Glamorgan, Oxford, Bucks, Northampton, Shropshire, Middlesex (one only), Wilts, Durham, and twenty-six in Scotland.

The annual Central Poor-Law Conference of Delegates from boards of guardians in England and Wales was held on Dec. 7, at Exeter Hall, when a paper upon the subject of "The boarding-out of pauper children" was read by Miss Joanna Hill, of King's Norton, near Birmingham.



THE STATE OF IRELAND: THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN ON THE WAY TO RICHMOND PRISON.



THE LIBERAL UNIONIST MOVEMENT.

The Marquis of Hartington is to be congratulated upon having escaped the perils which were rumoured to have environed his Lordship on his recent visit to Dublin to raise the banner of Liberal Unionism in the heart of the Irish capital. There can be no question of the strength of the Liberal Unionist movement which Lord Hartington leads with such firmness and consistency, still supported by Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry James, Lord Selborne, and many other eminent statesmen. Perhaps, the greatest tribute to the potency of Liberal Unionism was that indirectly paid by Mr. Gladstone in his letter to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice on the historic connection of the Whig Party with Ireland. Mr. Gladstone actually stated in this epistle that "we want a little Whig treatment of the Irish question." If the right hon. gentleman intended to catch any Liberal Unionist bird with a pinch of rhetorical salt of this kind, he certainly did not succeed with the Marquis of Hartington. On the return of the noble Lord from Ireland, he lost no time in addressing his Rosendale constituents; and, in his speech of Saturday, the Third of December, reaffirmed his opposition to Home Rule and his allegiance to the present Government, whose promise of a measure of local self-government for Great Britain was approved by him.

The great Liberal Unionist meeting in Dublin, however, may be reverted to, as it is the subject of an Illustration. It

was a most impressive demonstration. Lord Hartington met Mr. Goschen on Tuesday, the Twenty-ninth of November, at Mr. James Talbot Power's seat at Leopardstown Park, and in the evening his Lordship and the Chancellor of the Exchequer both received an enthusiastic welcome from the vast meeting of Unionists in the Leinster Hall, presided over by Mr. J. R. Wigham, honorary secretary of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce. The pith of Lord Hartington's trenchant address was that the real object for which Mr. Parnell's party was striving for was "not for any limited and subordinate Parliamentary Government, such as is offered to them, but for national independence, and for complete separation from Great Britain." Hence his strenuous support of the Government, which had set its face against Home Rule, and determined to uphold the law in Ireland. Mr. Goschen's speech was couched in exactly the same spirit, but characterised by greater pungency of phrase and antithetical point. The noble Lord and the right hon. gentleman maintained their loyalty to Liberal Unionist principles in a similarly outspoken fashion at the grand Unionist banquet given in the Leinster Hall the following night.

Mr. Maurice Talmeyr contributes to the *Magazine of Art* for December a picturesque description of the "Forest of Fontainebleau in Winter," illustrated with drawings by A. Lapere. A wonderful place a forest in winter time, full of such unwonted

sights and sounds to the usual summer student of sylvan scenery. The interesting series of articles entitled "Studies in English Costume" is continued this month, and we are initiated into the mysteries of the dress of a man of fashion in the reign of King William III., and the remarkably clear plans and drawings do much to simplify all that is apparently so complicated in the voluminous skirts and enormous cuffs of the coat of that period. An account of the Royal Academy Schools, by M. H. Spielmann, with several sketches by Walter Wilson, gives a spirited description of the working of our principal art training college.

The frontispiece to the December number of the *Art Journal* is an engraving of Sir Edwin Landseer's celebrated picture, "A Dialogue at Waterloo," in which the Duke of Wellington is represented as pointing out his position on the battle-field to his daughter-in-law, while a group of peasants occupies the now peaceful spot. An article on the "Crown Collection of Pictures" describes and gives engravings of pictures by Peter De Hoogh, Rembrandt, Reubens, Gerard Dow, Backhuysen, and is an able reminder of the sometimes overlooked art treasures of the nation. A paper on "Old London Picture Exhibitions" is continued from the last issue, and shows us, as nothing else could, the remarkable strides that art has made in this country; that is, provided quantity also implies quality.

The third annual show of toy dogs has been held at St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster.

MARRIAGE.

On Dec. 1, in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, by the Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy and Chaplain-Ordinary to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. Henry Geary, M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas's, Portman-square, William, son of A. W. Benn, Esq., J.P. of Danson Park, Welling, Kent, to Emily Esther Augusta, eldest daughter of A. G. S. Manning, Esq., of 7, Inverness-terrace, W.

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Is it such a different world to ours?"

Then the mother turned aside to pray,

And she thought she heard an angel say:

"Heaven is but a perfect earth,

As the world was at its birth,

All that Love in life should love,

Will be found again above."

The mother answered, "The Realm of Rest

Is all we love, and would love the best;

The best of all the things of Time,

Are lent to pass to that cloudless clime.

Its sweetest songs, and its fairest flowers,

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Thus Heaven is holding for you and me

All that we wished that this world would be."

Then the mother heard its evening prayers,

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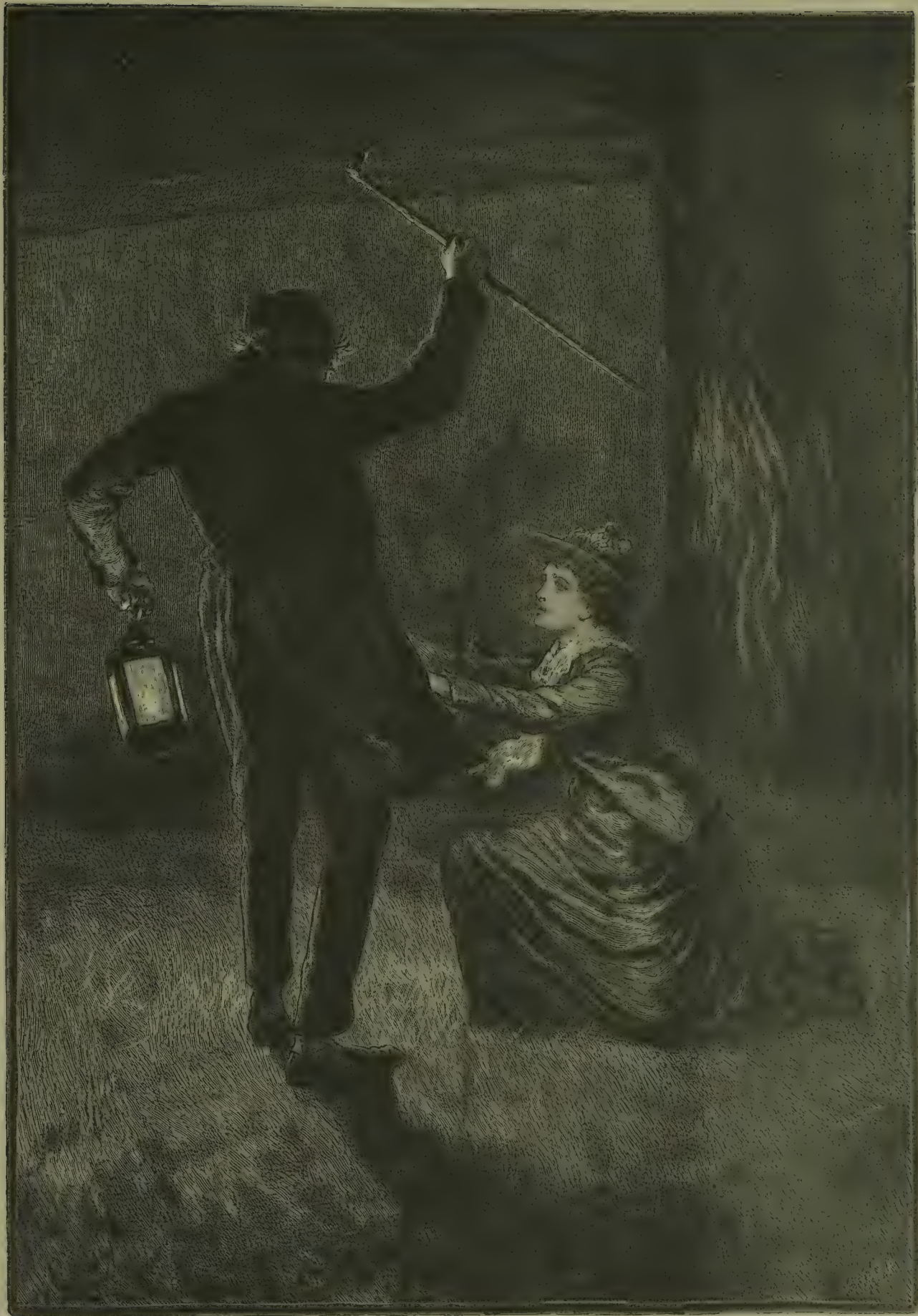
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quaint floral ornithological and allegorical designs, con-  
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DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

I have a remembrance of pleading to him, of going on my knees to him.

## MISER FAREBROTHER.\*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIP," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

### CHAPTER XLIX.

THE TRIAL AND VERDICT—EXTRACTED FROM A POPULAR DAILY PAPER.

"The trial of Phoebe Farebrother for the murder of her father, commonly known as Miser Farebrother, terminated last evening, and will be long remembered as one of the most remarkable and painful in criminal records. The extraordinary interest exhibited by the public in the case is only partially due to the murder itself and to the relations which existed between the unhappy prisoner and the deceased—chiefly it may be set down to the youth and beauty of the young woman who was accused of a crime so horrible and atrocious. As she stood in the dock, it was almost impossible to believe that a being so lovely and gentle could harbour a thought that was not innocent and pure, and the demeanour of those who were present at the trial was sufficient to prove that popular sympathy was enlisted on her side. Fitting it is, and especially fitting in this case, that Justice should be blind.

"Now that the trial is over, the verdict given, and the sentence pronounced, we propose to devote some brief attention to those features in it which rendered it remarkable. The case is one of circumstantial evidence, and turned no less upon the statements of those who testified uncompromisingly against the prisoner than upon the statements of her friends, whose sorrowful evidence weighed heavily against her.

"The household of Miser Farebrother, in the lifetime of the unfortunate man, was eminently cold and cheerless. Love occupied no place therein. A man of wealth and means, all the avenues of enjoyment were open to him, but he cared only for the accumulation of money. This may be said to have been his one object, and he devoted to it all his energies. An

attempt was made to prove that he was of an affectionate and tender nature, and that his behaviour towards his child was that of a loving father; but this view of his character may be unhesitatingly dismissed. It renders the crime no less heinous; that he was ruthlessly murdered is an established fact.

"He had earned the sobriquet of 'miser,' and he was entitled to it. A miser he was, whose supreme passion was that of accumulating wealth. His business—that of a money-lender—was in keeping with his ambition, and enabled him to compass it. Had he been animated by sentiments of a nobler kind, they would have found vent in action which would have won for him esteem and gratitude; but he did good neither openly nor by stealth. That the two persons who served him, Mrs. Pamflett and her son Jeremiah Pamflett, should speak well of him is natural and to their credit. Were it left to them to write his epitaph, mankind would be deceived—as it is in many instances by words graven on tombstones.

"He led in Parkside practically a lonely existence, and it would be difficult to imagine a more mournful picture than that of a motherless child brought up amidst such surroundings. Spacious as are the grounds of Parkside, they were allowed to run to waste; with the exception of his housekeeper and her son he had not a friend, he received no visitors, and neither dispensed nor accepted hospitality of any kind; his child had no child companions, and between her and her father's servants existed a feeling of strong antipathy; he made no effort to provide her with any sort of education; in the great house they occupied, the light of Home never shone. His daughter, however, was not entirely without friends. Her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge, and their two children lived in London, and for some years past Phoebe Farebrother has been in the habit of visiting their house, and of participating through them, in ordinary and moderate enjoyments. We may at once admit that the character borne by Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge is unimpeachable—and this despite the evidence given by Mrs. Pamflett and her son, in which may be discerned a distinct bias against them as designing persons, whose aim was to extort money from the

murdered man. No direct testimony to the establishment of this view is forthcoming, and the general repute of the Lethbridges is a contradiction of it. A feeling of bitterness appears to have existed for years between these parties; on one side, Miser Farebrother and Mrs. and Jeremiah Pamflett; on the other, Miser Farebrother's unhappy daughter and her relatives in London. This was the state of affairs when Phoebe Farebrother, a few weeks before her father's death, left his house, and found her way to her aunt's home in London, where she was received with open arms.

"There are side issues to which we do not intend to refer at any length; these issues relate to Miser Farebrother's desire that his daughter should marry a man of his choosing, and to her having already set her affections upon a man of whom her father did not approve. In connection with these opposing desires is an incident which will presently be mentioned.

"It has been elicited that on the night of Miser Farebrother's murder, and for some time previous, the Lethbridges were in pecuniary difficulties, to extricate them from which a sum of money was immediately required. A puzzling feature in the whole of this sad case is the absolute frankness which the Lethbridges have displayed as to their position and the movements of the prisoner up to the hour when the warrant for her arrest was issued. So far as can be seen there has been no concealment whatever of anything within their knowledge, and this is the more strange because much of their evidence told directly against the prisoner.

"There seemed to be only one way of obtaining the money required to extricate the Lethbridges from their difficulties, and that was by a successful application to Miser Farebrother. There is no evidence that they asked their niece to appeal to her father in their behalf; they positively deny having done so, and she herself says that no word fell from their lips to that effect. When she left their house in London with the intention of proceeding to Parkside, she did so without their knowledge. There can be no doubt that she was actuated by a wish to help them. From the moment she left them until she



returned the next morning in a state of prostration, physically and mentally, they are in darkness as to what occurred, and can throw no light whatever upon her movements. During that night Miser Farebrother met his death. At the trial three articles were brought in evidence against the prisoner. The first is a brooch presented to her on her last birthday by Mrs. Pamflett. This brooch was found in the grounds of Parkside, near to the body of the murdered man. There is conflicting testimony upon the subject of this brooch. Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge and their daughter, Miss Fanny Lethbridge, have no recollection of having seen the brooch from the time the prisoner left Parkside to take up her residence with them. They cannot swear that on the fatal night she did not wear it; but Miss Lethbridge is positive that her cousin did not bring it with her from Parkside. Her statement, however, is based upon general and not definite knowledge. The two young women slept together, and not a word passed between them with respect to this ornament. Miss Lethbridge's statement, therefore, is based upon an assumption. The prisoner avers that when she quitted her father's house she did not take the brooch with her. On the other hand Mrs. Pamflett swears positively that the prisoner did take it away with her. The housekeeper made repeated examinations of the room in Parkside in which the prisoner slept, and never saw the brooch after she left. Here, then, we have a positive oath against a vague assumption, and this sworn evidence is strengthened by the fact of the brooch having been found close to the body of her master. If the prisoner did not wear it on the night of the murder, how could it have got into the grounds?

The second article brought in evidence against the prisoner is her veil. Here there is no conflicting testimony. The prisoner admits having worn the veil when she went to Parkside, and this veil was also found in the grounds close to the body.

The third article is the prisoner's handkerchief, which her aunt took from her pocket when she returned in the morning. There were stains of blood upon the handkerchief, which the prosecution declares was the blood of the murdered man. The prisoner declares that the blood proceeded from scratches she received by stumbling in the dark against fences and coming in contact with the branches of trees. That she did sustain some such slight wounds is undoubtedly true, and although the weight of conflicting evidence as to the blood-stains on the handkerchief is about equal, the theory of the prosecution is strengthened by independent circumstances in connection with the murder.

What Mrs. Pamflett knows of the strange and sudden visit of the prisoner to Parkside at midnight need not here be recapitulated. Her evidence has been printed in our columns on three occasions—first, when the inquest on the body was held; again, when the prisoner was brought before the Magistrate and committed for trial; and again, at greater length, during the trial just ended. What passed between her and the prisoner, the incident of the knife with the horn handle with which the deed was done, the high words in the grounds between the prisoner and her father, especially those uttered by the prisoner, 'I will do as I please, and go where I please. You ought to have been dead long ago! You had better be careful!'—all this has been fully reported. The visit of a strange man to Miser Farebrother on this night is still a mystery. It was hoped by the prosecution that the endeavour to trace this man would have been successful, or that he himself would have voluntarily come forward to give evidence; but the hope has not been fulfilled. He remains in hiding, and will probably so continue to remain. The theory of the prosecution is a feasible one—that this man's visits to Miser Farebrother being paid in secret his business was of a questionable nature, the revelation of which would bring him into trouble. Great care and caution were always displayed on the occasion of these visits, and the minute description of his dress and appearance given by Mrs. Pamflett is of little value, in the absence of any other evidence respecting him, so long as he chooses to remain hidden.

The prisoner's statement as to what occurred, so far as she can remember, from the time she left her aunt's house in London on the night of the murder to the hour she returned to it on the following morning, is as follows:

'She admits that when she went away, unknown to her relatives, she did so with the purpose of going to Parkside and appealing to her father to give her a sum of money which would extricate the Lethbridges from their difficulties. 'Had I told them what was in my mind,' she says, 'they would have prevented me from leaving them; having no hope that my errand would be successful. But I had thought of a plan by which I could induce my father to comply with my request. I did not dare to mention this plan to my aunt, because it would only have strengthened her opposition to my project.' She thus explains the nature of this plan. Between her and her father were two causes of disagreement. The first was her intimacy with the Lethbridges. He disapproved of it, and wished her to discontinue her visits, and to have nothing more to do with them. To this she was now ready to agree if he would advance her the money she asked for. 'I could not promise to forget them,' she says; 'that would have been impossible—my love for them was so great, and also my gratitude for the kindness and affection they showed me from the time my mother died. But I would have borne my suffering in secret, and would never have spoken of it reproachfully to my father. I should have been only too thankful if he would have assisted me to repay them, in some small measure, for all their wonderful kindness to me. They have made great sacrifices for me. Should I hesitate to make a sacrifice for them in return? It was only my own happiness that was at stake, and perhaps death would have soon come to me to put an end to my misery. There was a time when I used to pray for death!' This, however, was not the only sacrifice she avers she was ready to make, there was another of an infinitely graver nature. Her father wished her to marry a man she abhorred. She had shrunk in horror from the proposal, but she was ready to submit to it now. She would humble herself to her father's will. Her father had written these words to her: 'When you are prepared to obey me in the one wish of my life, you can come to me. Not until then.' Upon these words she was prepared to act. She would go to him and say that she was ready to obey him if he would assist her in the way she wished. Animated by this resolve—which, if it were the truth, would have been most noble and heroic—she took the last train to Beddington, and arrived at Parkside late in the night. She did not take a return ticket, not having sufficient money to pay for it. She cannot fix the hour of her arrival; nor, indeed, has she anything to say as to time. It may have been midnight, it may have been earlier or later—her mind is a blank upon this. The night, she says, was dark, and the house itself was in darkness; she saw no one moving, inside or out. She was afraid to knock, because her summons would have brought Mrs. Pamflett down, and she feared that the housekeeper, who hated her, would have driven her from the place, and prevented her from seeing her father. So she concealed herself in the grounds quite near to the house, her intention being to pass the night in the open, and the first

thing in the morning, when the door was unlocked, to enter it and go straight to her father's room, unknown to Mrs. Pamflett, and tell him what she came for. We now take up her own words as to what followed:

'I do not know how long I waited outside, crouching down in concealment; it seemed to me very, very long, and I was so agitated that I cannot depend upon my memory. I did my best to keep my eyes open, but they would close in spite of me, and at last I must have fallen asleep. When I opened my eyes it was with an impression that someone was standing over me, and seeing no one as I looked up, I thought that I must have been mistaken; and yet I could not shake off the idea that some person had been near me. I was very frightened and very confused, and I made up my mind not to close my eyes again, but to wait till daybreak. I did not have to wait so long. In the distance I saw a light, the light of a lantern, moving slowly on. I was overcome with gratitude at the thought that it might be my father, and that I might speak to him at once. I knew that my father sometimes went out into the grounds at night, but I was not aware for what purpose. I rose to my feet, and softly followed the light till I was sure it was held by my father. Then I went up and spoke to him. I cannot recall what I said, or in what way he answered me. I know that he was at first surprised that I should come to him at so strange an hour, and that, when he got over his surprise, he was in a furious passion. I know, although he continually interrupted me, that I must have succeeded in making him understand why I had presented myself to him. I know that he threatened me and spoke most bitter words, and that he said I had come too late, that he had no longer a child; that everyone in the world was his enemy, and was conspiring to ruin him, and that he would drive me from his gates. I have a remembrance of pleading to him, of going on my knees to him, and that he dragged me to my feet, and threw me violently off. I fell fainting to the ground, and remember nothing more of him, except that it was vain for me ever to expect him to have mercy on me. When I recovered I was alone, and it was still dark. Heartbroken, bewildered, and sick, and scarcely knowing what I was doing, I dragged myself away from Parkside, and there was no light in the sky when I left Parkside behind me. It is useless for me to attempt to describe what followed. I must have known the direction to London, and my idea was to get back to my dear aunt, and at the same time to conceal myself from the sight of everyone on the road. Whether I succeeded or not I cannot say, and it was only by God's mercy that I reached my aunt's house. There is something so horrible in the accusation that is brought against me that I cannot realise it. I can only pray to God to bring the truth to light.'

'There is in this statement an element of romance and improbability which renders it impossible of belief, especially when it is placed side by side with established evidence. The prisoner refers to a letter she received from her father, in which he says that when she is prepared to obey him she can return to her proper home. But that letter also contains the words: 'Your guilty desires can only be accomplished by my death.'

'We come now to the evidence of another witness, the policeman Tom Barley, which told fatally against the prisoner, which, perhaps, turned the scale against her and dispelled any doubts which the jury might have entertained. This man, who receives from his superiors a character in every way satisfactory and honourable, was a servant in Miser Farebrother's house during the childhood of the prisoner. His devotion to the prisoner cannot be doubted; his belief in her innocence is not to be shaken, and yet he gave fatal evidence against her. We append here a résumé of the evidence to which we allude, leading up to it by a few questions put to other witnesses, all of them friends of the prisoner.

'Mrs. Lethbridge is examined:

'On the day the prisoner left your house secretly for Parkside, what was the colour of her dress?'—'Blue.'

'Did she wear it the whole of the day?'—'Yes.'

'In the evening, when you and your family were sitting at home, the prisoner being with you, had she this blue dress on?'—'Yes.'

'Did she change it at all during the day or night?'—'No.'

'You are positive she left your house wearing this blue dress?'—'I am positive.'

'Miss Fanny Lethbridge, the prisoner's cousin, is examined:

'Do you remember the dress the prisoner wore on the night she left your parents' house for Parkside?'—'Yes.'

'What was its colour?'—'Blue. It is her favourite colour.'

'You have no doubt in your mind that her dress was blue?'—'No.'

'Could she have changed it unknown to you?'—'No; she had only one other dress, a grey one, and that was hanging up in our room.'

'Melia-Jane, maid of all work in Mrs. Lethbridge's house, examined:

'You met the prisoner shortly after she left your mistress's house on the night her father was murdered?'—'Yes.'

'She gave you a message to deliver to your mistress?'—'Yes; she said she was going to Parkside to see her father.'

'Did you notice the dress she was wearing?'—'I saw it.'

'What dress was it?'—'Her favourite frock, a blue one.'

'Is there any doubt in your mind upon the point?'—'None at all. She had her blue frock on.'

'Tom Barley is examined:

'You were in the service of the murdered man?'—'For many a long year. My grandfather and grandmother were caretakers there before Miser Farebrother took possession.'

'Answer only the questions that are put to you. What age was the prisoner when you entered her father's service?'—

'Miss Phoebe couldn't have been more than two. I was there when she first came.'

'You were previously engaged, then?'—'Yes; at twopence a week, and I never got more.'

'What inducement was there for you to remain?'—'Well, I grew up there, so to speak; and I couldn't bear the thought of leaving Miss Phoebe.'

'The prisoner?'—'Yes.'

'To serve her was a pleasing duty?'—'I would die for her.'

'If it were in your power you would testify in her favour?'—'I should be sorry to say a word against her.'

'But you would tell the truth?'—'I must.'

'Were you as much attached to your master?'—'No. If he was alive I would tell you what I thought of him.'

'But, being dead, you say nothing?'—'It's more decent.'

'Apart from their relationship as father and child, what kind of feeling existed between them?'—'He had no feeling for her; he hardly took notice of her. She would have loved him if he'd have let her; but he had other notions.'

'You left his service less than a year ago?'—'Yes. I'll tell you the reason of it.'

'We do not want to know the reason. Do you remember the night of the murder of Miser Farebrother?'—'Yes.'

'On that night did you go to Mrs. Lethbridge's house?'—'Yes.'

'After or before the prisoner left it?'—'After Miss Phoebe left.'

'Were you spoken to about her having gone away?'—'Yes.'

'By whom?'—'By Mrs. Lethbridge.'

'What did she say to you?'—'That Miss Phoebe, without asking her advice, had gone to Parkside, and would go after her and see that she would come to no harm.'

'Was there any fear of her coming to harm in her father's house?'—'A good deal. She wasn't safe there.'

'That is your opinion?'—'Yes, it's my opinion, and the truth.'

'You went?'—'Yes. I had time, without interfering with my duty.'

'You were glad to go?'—'I was glad to do anything to serve Miss Phoebe.'

'Did you go by the train?'—'I was too late for trains; I walked.'

'A tiring walk?'—'Not for me. I shouldn't think anything of forty mile.'

'What did you do when you arrived at Parkside?'—'I looked about for Miss Phoebe.'

'Did you see her?'—'No.'

'Did you remain there for any length of time?'—'Up to the last safe minute. I had to get back to London to my duty by a certain time.'

'I understand, then, that you remained until the last safe minute?'—'Yes.'

'When you left Parkside, was it night or morning?'—'Morning. The sun was rising.'

'You could distinguish objects perfectly?'—'Yes.'

'Did you walk about Parkside freely? Was there any restraint upon your movements?'—'I don't know about restraints. It is the truth that I did not wish to be seen.'

'Why?'—'There was no love lost between me and Miser Farebrother. He wouldn't have been pleased to see me.'

'You knew you had no right to be there?'—'I was doing no harm, and had no intention of doing any. I wanted to be of service to Miss Phoebe.'

'You were, however, careful in your movements?'—'Yes.'

'Now, you say it was sunrise when you left?'—'It was.'

'And that you could see clearly?'—'Yes.'

'Is your eyesight good?'—'Very good. I can almost see in the dark.'

'But you could not distinguish colours in the dark?'—'I don't say I could. At all events, I wouldn't swear to them.'

'You have stated that you did not see the prisoner. But did you see anyone you knew?'—'It's hard to answer.'

'Not at all. You must be able to state whether you saw anything, before you left Parkside, that attracted your attention.'—'I am able to state that, but I answer your questions as you put them to me.'

'And I do not complain of your answers. I am pleased to say that you are giving your evidence in a perfectly straightforward manner.'—'Thank you, Sir.'

'Well, then, you say you did not see anyone whom you knew; but did you see anyone at all?'—'Yes, I did. A woman.'

'How do you know it was a woman?'—'By her dress.'

'You saw that?'—'Clearly.'

'I wish to lead up intelligibly and distinctly to this, and I am sure you will assist me—your desire being that justice shall be done?'—'It is my desire, Sir; then everything will be right.'

'You saw a woman, you say. Did you see her only once?'—'I saw her three times.'

'At what distance was she from you?'—'Say thirty or forty yards.'

'Always at about that distance?'—'Always at about that.'

'Among the trees?'—'Yes.'

'Did you walk towards her?'—'Yes.'

'Well?'—'Then she disappeared.'

'On every occasion?'—'On every occasion.'

'As if she were hiding from you?'—'It looked like it.'

'As if, discovering that you were walking towards her, she did not wish you to see her?'—'It's fair to say that.'

'Was her face turned towards you?'—'Never once.'

'Then you could not recognise it?'—'It wasn't possible.'

'That is why you say you did not see anyone whom you knew?'—'Yes, that is the reason.'

'However, you knew it was a woman by her dress?'—'Yes.'

'By the form or the colour of her dress?'—'More by the colour than the form, though I am certain both ways.'

'But the colour enables you to be quite positive?'—'Yes.'

'Now, what was the colour of the dress worn by this woman?'—'It was blue.'

'Is there any possibility that you could have been mistaken?'—'No.'

'You swear it was blue?'—'I swear it.'

'And the woman who wore this blue dress, discovering that you were following her, seemed anxious that you should not see her face?'—'It seemed so.'

'These were the salient features of the examination of Tom Barley, corroborated, as they were, by the evidence of witnesses favourable to the prisoner. Lurking about the grounds of Parkside was a woman in a blue dress, who was unmistakably anxious that he should not recognise her. The conclusion is that she was known to him, and that she had reasons for avoiding him.'

'The prisoner, when she left her aunt's house on the night of the murder, wore a blue dress—her favourite colour. Even without this evidence, there was sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the prisoner was guilty of the crime of which she stood charged; but it was natural, perhaps, that her youth and beauty would have won the day with impressionable men had it not been for this important evidence of colour. In association with Miser Farebrother were two women only, Mrs. Pamflett and the prisoner. Setting a due value upon Tom Barley's evidence, the prosecution had carefully sifted it, and the conclusion arrived at was indisputable. Mrs. Pamflett was not a favourite in Beddington and round about; she had no friends or acquaintances there or anywhere, but she had been compelled to make her purchases in the village, and her appearance was familiar by force of circumstance. She had never been known to wear a blue dress; it was, she said, a detestable colour, and she would not purchase even a piece of ribbon of that hue. As the prisoner's favourite colour was blue, so Mrs. Pamflett's was pink, and in all the housekeeper's wardrobe—which, it may be mentioned, was thrown open to the investigation of the prosecution—there was not a fabric of blue.'

'Another thing told heavily against the prisoner. In her statement she said that 'it was still dark when she went away' from Parkside. She said, 'There was no light in the sky when I left Parkside behind me.' Tom Barley proved that he saw her in a blue dress when the sun was rising. A sad duty, indeed, devolved upon the jury, but it was a duty which had to be fulfilled. The verdict of 'Guilty' which was returned was one which could not be avoided by conscientious men, however painful it must have been. Phoebe Farebrother is not the only beautiful and apparently gentle woman upon whom sentence of death has been passed.'

(To be continued.)



## ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

*The Vision of Sir Launfal.* By James Russell Lowell. Illustrated edition (Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).—In this edition of a beautiful romantic poem, which many have perused with much pleasure, the illustrations are wood-engravings by Mr. Frederick Jüngling, after drawings by various American artists, and are very fine examples of the engraver's art. The frontispiece, a characteristic portrait of the poet, late United States Minister in London, is drawn by Mr. J. W. Alexander, and is a wonderful specimen of Mr. Jüngling's skill. The prelude, which speaks of the glories of Nature in June, is illustrated by two charming drawings by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. In the first part of the poem, Sir Launfal calls for his golden spurs and his shining mail, that on the morrow he may set forth in search of the Holy Grail; but before he goes he prays that Heaven may send him some holy vision as a guide on this perilous quest. Mr. Walter Shirlaw's imaginative drawing of "the Maiden Knight" setting forth on his journey is especially fine, and one fancies that the artist must have watched him, as he passed out into the world, haughtily flinging his contemptuous dole of charity to the leper begging at his castle gates. The second part of the poem, in which Sir Launfal returns, old, poor, and forsaken, to be denied entrance at his own castle-gate in the bitter winter season, differs widely from the first. But there is great beauty in the description of a brook in winter, and of the log-fire in the hall at Christmas-time; and the drawing by Mr. Bruce Crane, of the "Open wold and hill-top bleak," is very effective. Sir Launfal is now brought face to face once more with the leper, who, crouching at his side, begs his charity. The Knight remembers in what a haughty manner and spirit he had flung an alms to leprosy, and he shares his single crust with the beggar, and breaks the ice that he may drink, when behold!—

The leper no longer crouched at his side,  
But stood before him glorified,  
Shining and tall, and fair and straight,  
As the pillar that stood by the beautiful gate;  
Himself the gate whereby men can  
Enter the temple of God in man.

Then Sir Launfal knows that the grail could be found close to his gates, did he but know how to search; and he wakes from his vision to put away his armour, his pride and vanity, and seek in almsgiving and humble charity the object of his former ambition. Among the many beautiful illustrations designed for this noble poem the loveliest is, to our thinking, Mrs. Siddons Mowbray's drawing of the transfigured beggar, "An Image of Him who died on the Tree;" and the engraving of this is exquisite. The volume, so beautifully embellished, forms, as a whole, such a product of art as is rarely equalled by the finest illustrated gift-books.

*Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie.* By Henry W. Longfellow. Decorated with Leaves from the Acadian Forests (Marcus Ward and Co.).—The beautiful hues of the foliage in autumn on the Atlantic shores of North America, nowhere more abundantly displayed than in Nova Scotia, the old "Acadia" of French colonists, and in New Brunswick, make a fitting ornament for the pages of Longfellow's tender and graceful narrative poem. Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of London and Belfast, show their taste and skill, as they usually do in every work of theirs, by the selection, representation, and arrangement of these decorative spoils of "the forest primeval" which is mentioned, with pathetic impressiveness, at the beginning and at the close of the tale. Some readers who are not botanists, or not conversant with American botany, may wish for a brief appendix, in which the various trees and shrubs might have been enumerated, with references to the pages on which their leaves are figured. The insertion of a fly-leaf, containing these particulars, in each copy of the elegant little book, would render it still more acceptable to lovers of Nature.

*A Century of Ballads.* Collected and Edited by John Ashton, and Illustrated in Facsimile of the Originals (Elliot Stock).—This goodly volume, printed in a style agreeable to the lover of literary antiquities, is edited by the well-known author of "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," and of "The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century"; whose monthly contributions to our own Journal, of anecdotes of "A Century Ago," have throughout the passing year entertained and instructed our constant readers. Mr. Ashton goes farther back in this collection of a variety of earlier ballads and popular romances. The "century" to which they belong is the seventeenth, when old English habits and manners, excepting at the Court of Charles II. and in the fashionable part of London after the Restoration, preserved a distinct national stamp, and when the literature current among the middle classes, and in the country, was unaffected by French influences. The English strain of thought, feeling, and language, in many of these pieces, which were chanted and sold on the broad-sheets and in the chap-books at every rustic fair and market, is that which often breaks out in Shakspeare, and which is found in the "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer, and in the "Vision of Piers Plowman;" but it is here attuned to themes of humorous fancy, of common jesting and homely satire, and to the universal sentiment of love between men and maidens. The editor has classified them as "Social Ballads," which throw much light on the customs of the time and on the condition of different classes;—"Supernatural," relating wondrous miracles and marvels, ghostly apparitions, practices of witchcraft, and tragical punishments of crimes;—"Historical," including those composed on the beheading of King Charles I., in 1648, the death of Charles II., in 1684, the Coronation of James II., and that of William and Mary, and the death of Queen Mary in 1694; Love Ballads, Drinking Ballads, Sea Ballads, Naval and Military, which celebrate historical feats of British valour; Sporting Ballads, and those of local events, with a few miscellaneous additions. The precise date of many here collected seems beyond inquiry; and "The Leather Bottle," for instance, is probably far more ancient than the seventeenth century; while "The Nut-Brown Maid," that pretty romantic dialogue, is ascribed to the beginning of the sixteenth. The authorship of old ballads is rarely to be ascertained; they come out of the heart of the people, but may often have been put into verse by an unknown clergyman or schoolmaster, or by an obscure London man of letters, whom the printers or stationers employed. The reproduction, in this volume, of many of the quaint wood-engravings that were designed for head-pieces, and of which an account is given by Mr. Mason Jackson in his "History of Pictorial Journalism," makes it one of the acceptable "Illustrated Gift-books" in our list.

*The Lay of Saint Sæmundus, a Legend of York.* Written by Edith W. Robinson, illustrated by George Hodgson (Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co.).—The genuine humour and fun of the "Ingoldsby Legends" cannot be expected to be at the disposal of every comic writer of tolerable verse. This attempt may have been suggested by the reproduction, two or three years ago, of "The Jackdaw of Rheims," in engraved text-writing imitative of an old MS., with artistic illustrative drawings on the same pages. Mr. George Hodgson's designs are forcible, characteristic, and expressive; but the tale has no

merit, and the verses are dull in sense, without the sparkle of wit or fancy, and monotonous in sound. It is bad taste, in our judgment, to make such words as "from earth to heaven we go," the jingling refrain of a ridiculous ballad. The old idea of monks being drunkards above other men, which was perhaps invented as an excuse for the confiscation of the estates of the monasteries, has been thoroughly worn out by the jesters of the last generation. We do not find it a good joke that a monk should steal money from the Prior, to spend in diversions at York Fair, and that he should be punished by walling him up, like the poor nun in "Marmion," to die of hunger and thirst. His escape, through the wall, into another convent adjacent, where he leads a new and saintly life for a twelvemonth, until again tempted to get drunk, and is then put back in the same manner, seems a rather poor story. The authoress has been ill-advised in relying on her talent for this kind of drollery; but the artist's talent, which is unquestionable, may find a better subject.

*India, Pictorial and Descriptive* (T. Nelson and Sons).—This volume contains, in about 270 pages of royal octavo, a concise description of the chief cities and famous places in India, and many striking historical anecdotes, illustrated by more than a hundred wood-engravings, very well printed on good paper. Its text is partly made up of passages selected from the works of English and French writers, and connected by a topographical account of the different localities referred to; but the order of the political divisions of the Empire is not followed in their arrangement. After describing the route to India up the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal, and down the Red Sea, there is a general view of the geography of the great peninsula; and then Bombay, with the rock-cut temples of Elephanta and Ellora, and with Baroda, occupies four chapters. Allahabad, Delhi, the Himalaya hill-stations Lahore and Peshawar, are successively visited; then Agra, with the beautiful Taj Mahal, Lucknow, and Benares, whence the reader is transported to the provinces of Central India, to Ajmere, Jeypore, and Bhurtpore, and Gwalior, to Oodeypore, in Rajpootana, to Bhopal, Sanchi, Govindgarh, and Rewah, to and fro on the map—but there is no map—and he is carried down to Madras, but comes at length to Calcutta, and, having made acquaintance with the Imperial capital, sees a few other places in Bengal. Ceylon is visited on the way home; and there are concluding chapters on the vegetable and animal life of India. This is not a methodical treatise, nor does it bear the fruits of original research; but it is sufficient to explain the pictures in detail, and they form an inviting collection.

*The Land of the Pharaohs. Including a Sketch of Sinai* (Religious Tract Society).—One of the instructive and agreeable narratives, by the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Manning, of his personal inspection of interesting countries, written for the Religious Tract Society, is here improved and completed by Mr. Richard Lovett, and will be accepted as a good popular description of Egypt, with the neighbouring Sinaitic route of the Biblical Exodus. Fifty-four new engravings are now added, giving recent views of the Egyptian people, of scenery, architecture, and the results of antiquarian explorations, which have already been set before our own readers; also of the Suez Canal. Dr. Manning's style is clear, precise, and never tedious; and he gives much exact information in a small space.

*Pictures from Holland.* By Richard Lovett, M.A., Author of "Norwegian Pictures" (Religious Tract Society).—This is another book of the series, "drawn with pen and pencil," by which the Religious Tract Society has made so many countries and nations familiar to the multitude of readers; and there are no better books of the kind. Mr. Lovett's description of Norway seemed to us deserving of high commendation; and this account of Holland, which has been revised by the British Consul at Amsterdam, appears to have equal merit. The author has visited Holland, appreciates the good qualities of the Dutch people, and finds abundant proofs of their historical patriotism, spirit of freedom, ingenuity and industry, from which England has received great benefit in past ages. He describes their great commercial city of Amsterdam, the shores and isles of the Zuyder Zee, North Holland, with Hoorn and Alkmaar and Haarlem; the Hague, which is the political capital, and the seaside resort at Scheveningen; Leyden, with its celebrated University, Delft, Rotterdam, Dort, and Gouda; the pastoral islands of Zeeland, Beveland, and Walcheren; Utrecht and the southern towns; and he has something to say of the Dutch painters. The book is embellished with 133 wood engravings, apparently from photographs, and it is furnished with a small map.

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## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

In spite of all the changes of taste and fashion in art, the "old society" still holds its own, and is able to maintain its long-standing prestige by sheer good work and honest painting. The winter exhibition is designedly limited to sketches and studies, but if only our capricious climate and fickle atmosphere will provide a few bright days, we venture to think that the display in Pall-mall will be amongst the most popular of the season. It is easy to attempt to depreciate the talents of the members and associates of this society by accusing them of repeating themselves year after year. Before allowing that the charge has any weight, we must recall the fact that admission to its ranks is seldom within the reach of those whose styles are still in transition. It is quite true that we can recognise at a glance Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. Arthur Hopkins, Mr. Pilsbury, and others of the same standing, but when we come to examine their works, we are forced to admit that it is in no sense the result of slovenly haste or mechanical monotony. It would be impossible to find in any school of modern water-colour painting, except the Dutch, and theirs only in a very limited degree, the same amount of care and attention united with such honest endeavour to reproduce individually impressions of nature. This year Mr. Albert Goodwin is very prominent with his studies of the Western cathedrals—including Rochester (298), which belongs to the East—and in the various treatments of Worcester (335), Wells (340), Bath (330), and Bristol (347), he displays, in addition to his mastery over the finer gradations of colour and atmosphere, a thorough appreciation of outline. In his other works, which belong to a Swiss series, that of "The Brunig Pass" (40), with its golden haze, is somewhat marred by the forced colouring of the figures in the foreground; but "Lucerne" (141), in evening twilight, is up to the level of some of his best work. Mr. Thorne Waite's "Portrait-Book Sketches" (293) and "Haymaking Studies" (311) are carefully conceived, the former being worthy of De Wint. The President, Sir John Gilbert, is scarcely so strongly represented as usual, the "Rocks at Tunbridge Wells" (162) are decidedly dirty, and serve as the hiding-place for some vagabonds who are being sought after by a party of men-at-arms, but the scene is vigorously painted; whilst the other picture, "A Back Lane" (299), with a cart wearily going up the hill, is as clever a bit of village scenery as may be desired. Perhaps the most imaginative of Mr. Albert Goodwin's pictures is "The Gate of Zoar" (198) on the morning of the day on which it rained fire and brimstone; and it is interesting to contrast the arrangement of colour in this striking work with that adopted by Mr. F. Brentnall in his "Uttermost Parts of the Sea" (5). Mr. Clarence Waite has achieved an almost Turneresque effect in his "Loch Ranza" (24), one of the most picturesque spots in the Isle of Arran, which finds a good companion in Mr. George Frispp's exquisite "View from Ardchattan" (50), in Loch Etive, looking seawards towards the Isle of Mull. Mr. Herbert Marshall's Cornish sketches have not the same individuality which distinguish his works on the Thames and Tyne, and his "Fowey" (53), although large, is wanting in interest, and the entrance to the harbour of the same place (58) is colourless. He is wanting, too, in that airiness and breadth which characterise Mr. Thorne Waite when dealing with "Chichester Harbour" (91), and the billowy Southdowns which surround it. Amongst the other landscapes we should mention Mr. Colin Bent Phillips's "Summer Day in Skye" (32), Mr. A. W. Hunt's various reminiscences of "Robin Hood Bay" (35) and "Whitby" (85), full of the poetry of which he possesses the secret; Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury's "Village Cross" (73), showing the influence of George Mason, and his "Road to the Common" (157); Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Too Late" (97), another rendering of his milkmaid and two calves; Mr. Robert Allan's "Dutch Canal" (125); Miss Clara Montalba's "Towed out of Ramsgate Harbour" (134), which has more movement than her clever Dutch sketches, of which there are at least half a dozen.

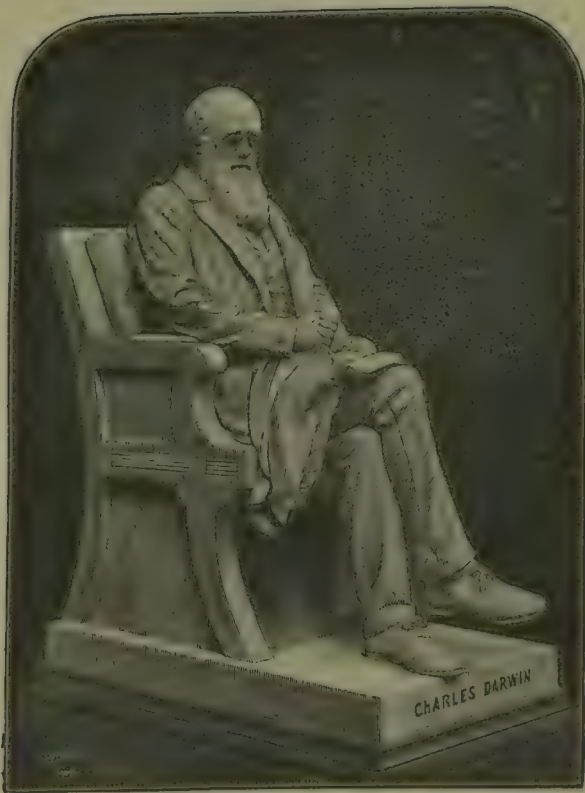
Of the figure-painters, Mr. Stacy Marks is the most numerously represented; but of all his nine works, two only—"Sunshine" (29) and "Rain" (36)—are very distinctive. In each case a man in grey is standing in a doorway, through which a pretty bit of landscape is visible, and he turns to or from the door as the weather tempts or forbids his venturing out. In all his work Mr. Stacy Marks is, as ever, careful and dextrous; but there is nothing especially distinctive or suggestive in the figures. In his group of pelicans, "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé" (14), he has probably unconsciously reproduced what Mr. Randolph Caldecott had already done on a larger scale and with greater expression. Mr. Charles Robertson shows very decided advance on his previous work, both in colour and composition, in his works relating to Eastern life, the "Public Letter-Writer" (74) and "Commercial Activity" (321), both of them studies of Cairo customs. But he is not less interesting in the series of impressions he has brought back from the south coast of England; as, for instance, "Brixham Harbour" (309) and "Bayard's Castle" (104). Mr. Carl Haag contributes some leaves from an Austrian sketch-book, which bear the appearance of having been executed at an earlier period of his life; whilst others relate to his wanderings in Dalmatia. His "Woman of Bethlehem" (341) is, however, of his recent times, and shows no falling off in vigour or sense of colour. We ought not to conclude without referring to Mr. Henry Wallis's "Herodotus and the Scribes" (13), Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Cottage Home" (17), Mr. Henry Moore's "Sunny Afternoon" (41), a study of autumn tints and leaves. Mr. Edward Radford's "Two Hats" (63), Mr. Robert Allan's "Whitehall" (69), at the moment of the passing of the Jubilee procession, and his "Dutch Canal" (125), Mr. Stacy Marks's "Mind and Muscle" (88), Mr. Norman Taylor's "Driving the Flock to Pasture" (93), Mr. Eyre Walker's "Vale of Meific" (185) and his "Moonrise" (114), Mr. Cuthbert Rigby's "Low End of Mitr-Dale" (145), Mr. W. Callow's "Stonegate, York" (156), Mr. Allingham's "East and West" (171), a mother watching her child and Indian ayah, and a series of works by the late Mr. Collingwood Smith, for many years a distinguished member of the old society.

Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., commander of the Queen's Westminster Rifles, has reported to the War Office that the whole strength of the corps, 953 officers and men, have made themselves efficient for the Volunteer year recently ended.

That interesting historical relic, the throne-chair of Queen Hatshepsut (XVIIIth Egyptian Dynasty, B.C. 1600), has been presented to the British Museum by the owner, Mr. Jesse Haworth, of Bowdon, Cheshire. This throne-chair is the only extant specimen of ancient Royal Egyptian furniture, and is the most venerable piece of cabinet-makers' work in the world.

Lord Wolsley, on behalf of the members of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, presented, on Dec. 7, a silver tea and coffee service to Mr. G. Stormont Murphy, in recognition of his many years' service as honorary secretary of the society. In the course of his address, his Lordship paid a genial tribute to the merits of London cabmen.





STATUE OF DARWIN (NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM).

## THE LATE MR. DARWIN.

The statue of Darwin presides in the hall of the Natural History Museum. It gains fresh dignity from the publication of his "Life and Letters," edited by his son, Mr. Francis Darwin, F.R.S., which many readers are perusing with cordial interest. These personal memorials of an estimable man, as well as one of the greatest of naturalists and thinkers on natural philosophy, suggest remarks that may fitly accompany our Sketches of his home in Kent, at Down, near Beckenham, where he lived forty years, and of the places and objects amidst which he quietly

continued a series of studies, perhaps more important than any since those of Sir Isaac Newton to the knowledge of the laws of the material universe. We found occasion, in the *Illustrated London News* of Sept. 21, to review the scientific career of Charles Robert Darwin, with reference to his theory of "The Origin of Species," and "The Descent of Man"—"The Ascent of Man," considered merely with regard to his bodily frame, as developed from lower animal forms, would be a more truly significant title—a theory which has, within the last thirty years, prevailed against unreasoning prejudice, and is no longer supposed to be hostile to spiritual religion, or to the sublimest conceptions of Divine creation and of human destiny. Few educated minds of a speculative turn have failed to examine the abundant evidence of facts in natural history and the convincing arguments in its favour; and the controversies that have lately arisen do not so much concern the mode of development of species in the organic structure of plants and animals, as the arbitrary extension of the physiological idea of evolution to the whole mental and moral life of mankind. Darwin himself was not a psychologist, still less a metaphysician, and his method



DARWIN'S STUDY.



DARWIN'S HOUSE AT DOWN, NEAR BECKENHAM KENT.



DARWIN'S GREEN-HOUSE.



DARWIN'S USUAL WALK.

of inquiry was not adapted to throwing any light on the phenomena of conscious intelligence and inward emotion. He was no more infallible on all subjects than Newton was; but, in his own line of investigating Nature, starting from a point which had been entertained by philosophical conjecture in the last century, he verified the hypothesis by observations and experiments diligently pursued during his lifetime; and, in his memorable treatise, published in 1859, gave it to the world, afterwards supporting and illustrating the truth by subsidiary works of natural history. These labours, occupying his studious retirement, withdrew him personally from general society, and from appearance at scientific congresses, lecture-rooms, and scenes of active debate. The results of his observations and meditations were produced in the form of books, which have long been in the hands of all who care for these studies; and his biographer has no striking events to relate of his life, after the return in 1836 of the *Beagle* surveying expedition from South America and the South Seas. Home and study, private family life and private correspondence with friends, afford the topics of much delightful anecdote in the three volumes just published. This kind of interest belongs in some degree to the letters, which make up a very large part of the contents of these volumes, though chiefly relating details of his work; it pervades also the short autobiography written by Mr. Darwin for his children; but more especially the reminiscences, by Mr. Francis Darwin, of his father's everyday life. Here we find him at home and at work, as he was always thinking, observing and collecting facts, watching the habits of plants and the variations of flowers in his green-house, the interbreeding of his pigeons, and in the neighbouring fields and hedges, every feature of life, even "earthworms." From his son we take the following:—

He rose early, chiefly because he could not lie in bed, and I think he would have liked to get up earlier than he did. He took a short turn before breakfast, a



DARWIN'S THEORY ILLUSTRATED BY PIGEONS.





PLAYMATES.—BY J. H. LORIMER.  
FROM THE PICTURE EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



habit which began when he went for the first time to a water-cure establishment. This habit he kept up till almost the end of his life. After breakfasting alone about 7.45, he went to work at once, considering the hour and a half between eight and 9.30 one of his best working times. At 9.30 he came into the drawing-room for his letters—rejoicing if the post was a light one, and being sometimes much worried if it was not. He would then hear any family letters read aloud as he lay on the sofa. The reading aloud, which also included part of a novel, lasted till about half-past ten, when he went back to work till twelve or a quarter past. By this time he considered his day's work over, and would often say, in a satirical voice, "I've done a good day's work." He then went out of doors, whether it was wet or fine. My father's midday walk generally began by a call at the green-house, where he looked at any germinating seeds or experimental plants which required a casual examination; but he hardly ever did any serious observing at this time. Then he went on for his constitutional—either round the "Sand-walk" or outside his own grounds in the immediate neighbourhood of the house. The "Sand-walk" was a narrow strip of land, one-and-a-half acres in extent, with a gravel-walk round it. Sometimes, when alone, he stood still, or walked stealthily, to observe birds or beasts. It was on one of these occasions that some young squirrels ran up his back and legs, while their mother barked at them in an agony from the tree. Luncheon at Down came after his midday walk. After his lunch he read the newspaper, lying on the sofa in the drawing-room. I think the paper was the only non-scientific matter which he read to himself. Everything else—novels, travels, history—was read aloud to him. He took so wide an interest in life that there was much to occupy him in newspapers, though he laughed at the wordiness of the debates; reading them, I think, only in abstract. His interest in politics was considerable, but his opinion on these matters was formed rather by the way than with any serious amount of thought. After he had read his paper came his time for writing letters. These, as well as the manuscript of his books, were written by him as he sat in a huge horse-hair chair by the fire, his paper supported on a board resting on the arms of the chair. When letters were finished, about three in the afternoon, he rested in his bed-room, lying on the sofa and smoking a cigarette, and listening to a novel or other book not scientific. He only smoked when resting, whereas snuff was a stimulant, and was taken during working hours. The reading aloud often sent him to sleep, and he used to regret losing parts of a novel, for my mother went steadily on, lest the cessation of the sound might wake him. He came down at four o'clock to dress for his walk, and he was so regular that one might be quite certain it was within a few minutes of four when his descending steps were heard. From about half-past four to half-past five he worked; then he came to the drawing-room, and was idle till it was time (about six) to go up for another rest, with novel-reading and a cigarette. Latterly, he gave up late dinner, and had a simple tea at half-past seven (while we had dinner), with an egg or a small piece of meat. After dinner, he never stayed in the room, and used to apologise by saying he was an old woman, who must be allowed to leave with the ladies. This was one of the many signs and results of his constant weakness and ill-health. Half an hour more or less conversation would make to him the difference of a sleepless night, and of the loss perhaps of half the next day's work. After dinner he played backgammon with my mother, two games being played every night. For many years a score of the games which each won was kept, and in this score he took the greatest interest. He became extremely animated over these games, bitterly lamenting his bad luck and exploding with exaggerated mock-anger at my mother's good fortune. After backgammon he read some scientific book to himself, either in the drawing-room, or, if much talking was going on, in the study. In the evening—that is, after he had read as much as his strength would allow, and before the reading aloud began—he would often lie on the sofa and listen to my mother playing the piano. He had not a good ear, yet, in spite of this, he had a true love of fine music. He became much tired in the evenings, especially of late years, and left the drawing-room about ten, going to bed at half-past ten. His nights were generally bad, and he often lay awake or sat up in bed for hours, suffering much discomfort. He was troubled at night by the activity of his thoughts, and would become exhausted by his mind working at some problem which he would willingly have dismissed. At night, too, anything which had vexed or troubled him in the day would haunt him, and I think it was then that he suffered if he had not answered some troublesome person's letter.

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington, in which, at the upper end of the noble entrance-hall, the marble sitting statue of Darwin, the sculptor of which was Mr. Boehm, is the most conspicuous ornament, contains some things peculiarly associated with his special studies. Some of the specimens in the bird gallery, presented by Mr. Darwin to the Museum, were unfortunately mounted and placed in a manner that does not serve to illustrate the development of species; but in the great hall, near the entrance-door, stands a case of pigeons, furnished by Mr. Combe Williams, assisted by Mr.

Salter and other well-known pigeon fanciers, which admirably represents the artificial variation of species under domestication. The blue rock-dove, the original wild pigeon, hovers at the top; while clustering round the dove-cote below are the principal domestic breeds, including the carrier, the fantail, the pouter, the runt, and other familiar varieties. Another case, presented by Mr. H. Seebohm, who has travelled in Siberia, illustrates the hybrid forms produced by some birds in the wild state; the goldfinches of different species, and the hooded crow interbreeding with the carrion crow, being the examples selected. These specimens are beautifully stuffed and mounted by Mr. Pickhardt, under the superintendence of Mr. Richard Bowdler Sharpe, F.L.S., a Principal Assistant at the Museum, and of Professor W. H. Flower, C.B., F.R.S., the accomplished Director, who has, in every way, taken steps to render the whole arrangement of this national institution superior to any other in the world. A student of Darwin's account of the development of the different organs in the structure of birds cannot do better than to examine the collection of bones, wings, feathers, beaks, feet, and other parts, exhibited at the side of the great hall, with the aid of the explanatory labels and descriptions. The bird gallery contains beautiful groups, with the most truthful attitudes and accessories. The Museum possesses also nearly 250,000 birdskins. Mr. R. B. Sharpe's article on "Ornithology at South Kensington," in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for December, is a correct statement of the vast improvement and enlargement of this department of the Natural History Museum during the past fifteen years; and Mr. Darwin, until his lamented death, in 1882, took great interest in the work that was going on there.

The thirteenth anniversary dinner of the Metropolitan Dairymen's Benevolent Institution was held on Dec. 1 at the Freemasons' Tavern, and there was a large gathering. Mr. J. Welford, one of the founders of the institution, presided. A list of subscriptions was announced, making a total of nearly £1100, of which the chairman had given a hundred guineas.

The Cheshire Annual Dairy Show was held on Dec. 1. at Nantwich. There was a large attendance, and the show was of unusual excellence. Mr. Willett, of Alpraham, one of Lord Tolleremache's tenants, won the first prize with a dairy of exquisitely flavoured cheese, which was afterwards sold for 85s. per cwt. Mr. George Walley, farmer, of Nantwich, was awarded second honours. The other prizes were keenly contested. Lady Alexander Paget distributed the prizes.

Lord Derby, in a letter which he has just written, dismisses as idle the fear that the people of this country are likely soon to go back to Protection. Partial Protection, he says, is an absurdity, and the universal restriction of trade would involve little less than a revolution. If any popular desire for a return to Protection really existed it probably arose from the exaggerated expectations of those who believed that Free Trade would put an end to pauperism.

A number of gentlemen interested in tobacco-growing met at the Salisbury Hotel on Dec. 1, under the presidency of Sir E. Birkbeck, M.P., and discussed the question of tobacco culture in England. They ultimately appointed a committee to deal with various matters, including the drafting of a Bill to lay before Parliament as to the conditions under which tobacco land in the United Kingdom might be cultivated. The following gentlemen were elected as the committee:—Lord Walsingham, Mr. Faunce De Laune, Mr. Wiggan, Mr. Kains Jackson, and Sir E. Birkbeck, M.P.

“PLAYMATES.”

The baby-girl, the kitten, and the elderly gentleman, equally share the active enjoyment of this delightful frolic on the parlour floor; and the child, as well as the kitten, may imagine that the ticking watch is also a living animal, entering into their common fun. There is nothing like innocent fun, with some lively make-believe illusion, to win the heart of the youngest, and kindly Nature has provided in this disposition a bond of sympathy, which ought to be cherished through life, between the human mind and that of our domestic animal pets. A romp of this sort is one of the best lessons for the culture of loving affections and of a cheerful gaiety of temper, which is the earliest part of infant education, and the benefit of which extends to the last hour of the grandsire's quiet old age. When the earnest and important game of many toilsome years has been played out, when duties, cares, and labours are relaxed, and the heart of the aged man, released from worldly anxiety, seeks refreshment in contemplating the still-renewed exhibition of simple joy among children, who come into our presence, as it were from Heaven, to remind us of what we were, and reveal to us what is good, let the "Playmates" have their turn beside the seat of senile infirmity; and, in the meantime, while each of us, man or woman, has somewhat to bear and to do, it is a part of wisdom for each, as Wordsworth has said:—

To walk through life in such a way  
That, when time brings on decay,  
Now and then I may possess  
Hours of perfect gladness;  
Pleased by any random toy,  
By a kitten's busy joy,  
Or an infant's laughing eye  
Sharing in the ecstasy.  
I would fare like that, or this,  
Find my wisdom in my bliss,  
Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
And have facilities to take  
From all things by Nature wrought,  
Matter for a jocund thought.

New sixpences are being coined at the Mint, bearing designs as follows: For the obverse impression the effigy of the Queen, with the inscription "Victoria Dei Gratia Britt. Regina F.D.," and for the reverse the words "Six Pence," placed in the centre of the piece, having an olive branch on one side and an oak branch on the other, surmounted by the Royal crown, and the date of the year between and below the branches, and a graining upon the edge.

Mr. J. S. Jeans, secretary of the Iron and Steel Institute, has issued circulars announcing that the council have decided to accept the invitation of the American iron and steel masters to hold their next autumnal meeting in the United States. Two hundred and fifty members, including some from Germany, Westphalia, Sweden, Italy, and Spain, have notified their intention of attending the meeting, which will probably occur towards the end of September. This will not interfere with the institute's summer meeting.

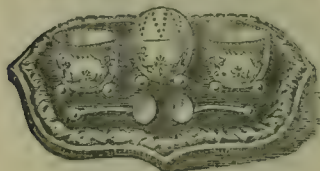
If, as the poet sings, "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," yet surely its value is greatly enhanced when usefulness is blended therewith; and in the dainty productions of Messrs. De la Rue and Co. beauty and use are intimately combined. The pocket-books, diaries, and calendars of this eminent firm are as full of practical, every-day usefulness as they are elegant, so that one scarcely knows for which quality to admire them most. While the requirements of gentlemen are well attended to in these publications, the ladies have for their special use a preponderance of serviceable daintinesses.

MAPPIN & WEBB

INVITE INSPECTION OF THEIR IMMENSE VARIETY OF ARTISTIC AND USEFUL PRESENTS IN STERLING SILVER, AND ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE, SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Write for the Illustrated Christmas List, Post-free.



TWO SOLID SILVER SALT CELLARS, SPOONS, AND MUFFINEER, in best Morocco Case, £2.



STERLING SILVER ANTIQUE CREAM JUG, 2 1/2 in. high, £2 2s.



STERLING SILVER BREAKFAST CRUET AND SPOON, richly-cut Glass Bottles, £2 10s.



CUT AND ENGRAVED GLASS CLARET-JUG, Massive Silver Mounts, £4 15s.



THE "DEMIDOFF" SUGAR-CASTOR, in Solid Silver, exquisitely chased. Height, 9 in., £8 10s.



"Nordenfeldt" MUFFINEER, Registered Design, E. S. Oxley



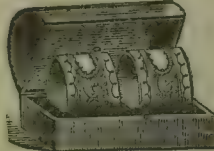
REGISTERED "PRINCESS" SUGAR BOWL AND TONGS, Solid Silver, 35s.; Best Electro, 10s. 6d.



DOUBLE PRESERVE, OR SUGAR AND CREAM STAND, Cut-glass Dishes, Electro-Silver Frame, £15s.



PAIR STERLING SILVER PIANO CANDLESTICKS, in best Morocco Cabinet, lined Velvet and Satin, £5 5s.



TWO STERLING SILVER ENGRAVED NAPKIN-RINGS, in Case, £1 5s.



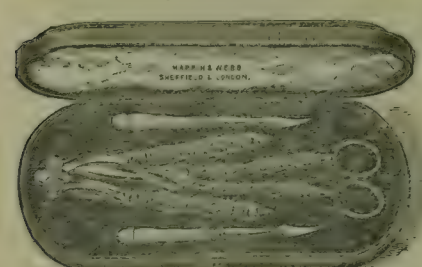
CARD OR CAKE BASKET, Electro-Silver, £1 5s.



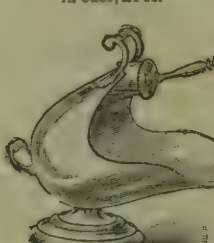
CUT-GLASS BUTTER-DISH, with Sterling Silver Tray and Cover, £2 15s.



SIX SOLID SILVER AFTERNOON TEASPOONS, in best Morocco Case, £2 5s.



ONE PAIR ELECTRO-SILVER GRAPE-SCISSORS, NUT-CRACKS, and PICKS, complete, in Case, £1 5s.



REGISTERED "SCUTTLE" SUGAR BASIN AND SCOOP, Sterling Silver .. £5. Best Electro .. £1 5s.



IVORY PEPPER MILL, with Sterling Silver Bands, £1 12s.



ENGRAVED GLASS PRESERVE-JAR, 7s. 6d.



HAMMERED DESIGN BEST ELECTRO-SILVER TEAPOT, £2 18s.; Sugar-Bowl to match 14s.; Cream-Jug to match, 14s.



RICHLY-CHASED STERLING SILVER FISH, AND SPOON FOR STEWED FRUITS, in best Morocco Case, £3 5s.



TWO CRIMPED-EDGE STERLING SILVER SALTS AND SPOONS, in rich Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £1 12s. 6d.



M. and W.'s NEW REGISTERED DESIGN IN CARVERS. Two Pairs, and Steel, in Case, Electro-Silver Mounts .. £2 10s. Do, do, Sterling-Silver Mounts .. £3 10s. One Pair, and Steel, in Case, Electro-Silver Mounts .. £1 15s. Do, do, Sterling-Silver Mounts .. £2 15s.



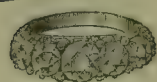
BREAKFAST CRUET, Electro-Silver and Cut-Glass, 10s. 6d.



RICHLY-CHASED STERLING SILVER CREAM JUG AND SUGAR BOWL AND TONGS, in rich Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £6 15s.

MAPPIN & WEBB, 18 to 22, Poultry, E.C., and 158 to 162, Oxford-street, W. } Manufactories: { 35, KING STREET, COVENT-GARDEN; 47, 163, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.





Brilliant Half-Hoop  
Engagement Ring, £15.

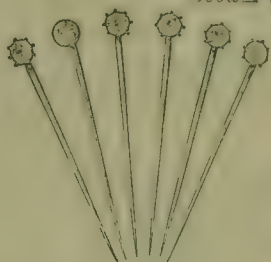


Brilliant and Sapphire "Patent" Band Bracelet,  
£30 (Special Price).  
No Snap required. Horseshoe forms Bracelet.



Diamonds, £4 4s.  
Diamond and Enamel Partridge, £6 6s.  
Brilliant, £4 4s.  
Enamel Violet, Diamond Centre, £1 10s.

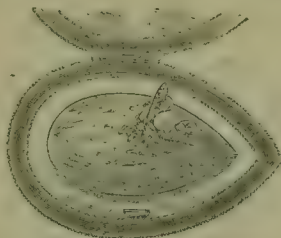
Illustrated Christmas List of Benson's Bond-street  
Novelties, from £2 to £500, free on application.



Cravat Pins, in Brillants, Rubies, and  
Sapphires, 21 10s. each.

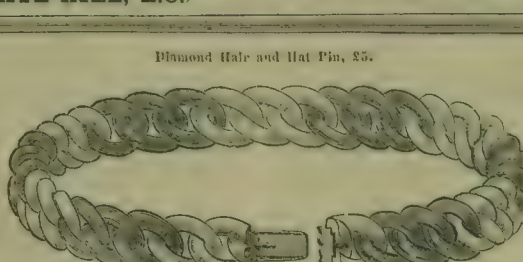


Gold "Cock" Brooch, in Egg Case  
(Regd.), £2.

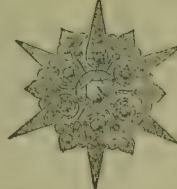


"Philippine" Brooch, with Diamond,  
Sapphire, and Pearl Fly on Gold Shell, in  
Green Almond Velvet Case, £2 2s.

JEWELS, Diamonds,  
and Precious Stones  
PURCHASED for  
CASH to ANY  
amount.



Fine Gold and Platinum Curb Chain Bracelet,  
£4 4s., £5 5s., £6 6s., £8 8s., £10 10s.

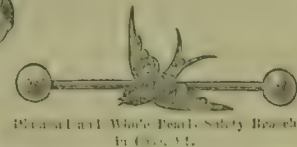


Brilliant Star, Brooch, Pendant,  
or Hair-Pin, £20.



Matching Safety Scarf Pin, Brilliant Centre, £5.  
Whole Pearl Centre, £1 10s.

Kindly mention  
Reference, or send  
Deposit for goods on  
approval.



Diamond and White Pearl Safety Brooch,  
in Case, £1.



Horseshoe Safety Brooch,  
Brilliant, in Case, £5.



Via Oriental Pearl Studs,  
£3 3s., £5 5s., £8 8s., and £10 10s.  
per Set.

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STEAM FACTORY: 62 and 64, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C.; and at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.

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NEW WINTER DRESS FABRICS.  
Patterns Free.

CASHMERE SERGES,  
STRIPES and CHECKS, 27 in. wide,  
9d. to 1s. 2d. per yard.

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For TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES,  
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In BLACK and ALL COLOURS,  
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For WEDDING or BALL DRESSES,  
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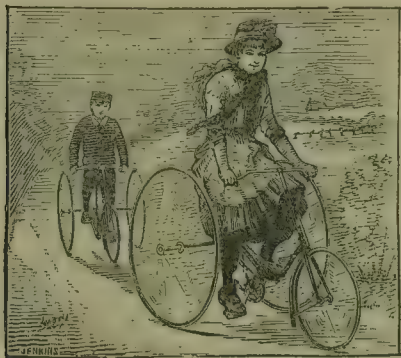
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24 in. wide .. 1s. 11d. per yard.  
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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,  
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These MACHINES are not mere toys, but are  
thoroughly reliable and unequalled for strength and  
easy running. They are fitted with adjustable handles  
and seat-rod; well finished in black enamel, with  
plated hubs, handle-bars, &c.

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COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.  
GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.

In Tins at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS, &c.

JENSEN'S Cod Liver  
Oil



CHILDREN LIKE IT!

JENSEN'S COD-LIVER OIL

is acknowledged as the best because it is the only Oil made  
from absolutely fresh Livers. It prevents all Coughs, Colds,  
Asthma, Bronchitis; it makes the Digestive Organs act, and  
is the only remedy of any value in cases of consumption; it  
is sweet and pleasant—cannot by any possibility cause any  
aftertaste, while all its nourishing virtues are retained.

Of all Chemists, &c., in Bottles, each Wrapper bearing the Registered  
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THE BEST EVER INVENTED.  
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Their fame has reached the uttermost parts of the earth; their curative power is universally  
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is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced.  
It speedily removes and prevents all  
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, CHAPS, &c.,  
RENDERS THE SKIN  
SOFT, SMOOTH, & WHITE,  
and preserves it from the effects of exposure to the  
SUN, COLD WINDS, OR HARD WATER  
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A CLEAR and BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION IS SOON OBTAINED  
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For the TOILET and the NURSERY it is INVALUABLE.  
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The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in  
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SURE, SAFE, AND EFFECTUAL.  
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.



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SERKYS D'ASIE, THE DES SULTANES  
In De Gardareins, G. r. de a Paic, Paris  
It is superior to any other in the sanitary  
virtues; it makes the Circulation of the Blood  
regular, prevents all Cutaneous Affections, and  
prevents the most serious disorders in Women of all ages.  
Six months' use of it suffices to enliven the skin, and to  
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This exquisite Breakfast Beverage agrees with all climes and  
persons of delicate stomach. Fourteen years of success in  
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Strand, W.C. Beware of Counterfeits.

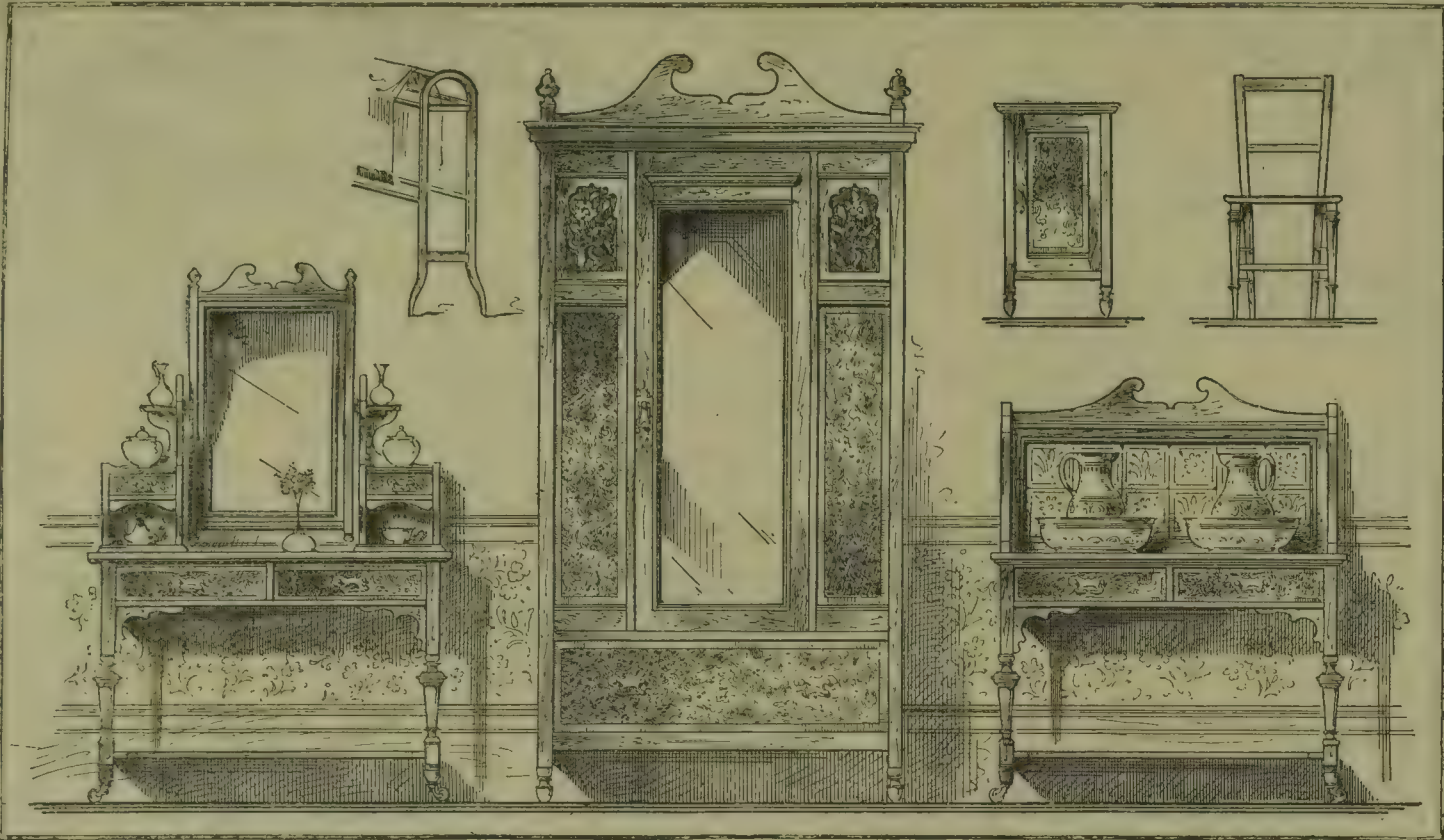


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The Highest Style, with guaranteed quality, at the lowest  
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PLAIN PAINTING, GAS, HOT WATER,  
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Designs and Estimates free.

CHIMNEY-PIECES and OVERMANTELS,  
painted, and in all woods. Grates, Tiled Hearths, Bores,  
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Colours, 3s. 9d.

BRASS CURBS or FENDERS, with Fire  
Brasses, well finished, any size to 5 ft., 2s.; Black and  
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DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.  
CABINETS in rosewood, old mahogany, and walnut,  
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SADDLE-BAG and VELVET SUITES.  
Settee and two arm-chairs. £16 12s. 6d.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE:  
Side-boards in Famed Oak, Mahogany, and Walnut,  
inlaid, with bevelled plates in back, 6 ft. wide, by 6 ft. 9 in.  
high, £11 15s.

SUITE OF FURNITURE.—Settee, two arm chairs, and six  
stuff-back chairs, covered in embossed dyed pigskin, £15 15s.  
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DINING TABLES.—Solid mahogany, extending to 8 ft. by  
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BED-ROOM FURNITURE:—  
White Enamelled Suites, from .. 31 to 50s.  
Solid Satin Walnut-wood ditto .. £8 10s.  
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IRON FRENCH BEDSTEAD, with Wire-  
Woven Spring Mattress, Wool Mattress, Bolster and  
Feather Pillow, 3s. 6d.; Servants' Bedsteads, 7s. 11d.

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BEDDING manufactured on the Premises  
of the Purest Materials, at the lowest possible prices.  
Bedding Purified and Re-made.

THE PATENT WIRE-WOVEN SPRING  
MATTRESS: 3 ft., 11s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 12s.; 4 ft., 13s.;  
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SCREENS, handsomely hand-painted,  
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Fourfold, 5 ft. 6 in. high .. 8s. 9d.  
Ditto, cloth backs .. 17s. 6d.  
Gold embroidered, from .. 25s. 6d. to £10.  
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ORIENTAL FURNITURE and  
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JAPANESE POTTERY.—Curio Banko  
Vases, 6d. per pair. Inari ware, plates 8 in., 2s. 6d. per  
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Vases, rich red and gold decoration, 3s.; Tete-a-tete sets,  
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SATSUMA.—Ancient and modern Vases,  
from 2s. 6d. Figures, plates, bowls, and other objects.

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Works:—43, Belvedere-road.

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Importers of Precious Stones, Pearls, and Gems,

18, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

THE ONLY JEWELLERS WHOSE STOCK CONSISTS OF ONE UNIFORM QUALITY OF GOLD—VIZ., 18-CARAT.

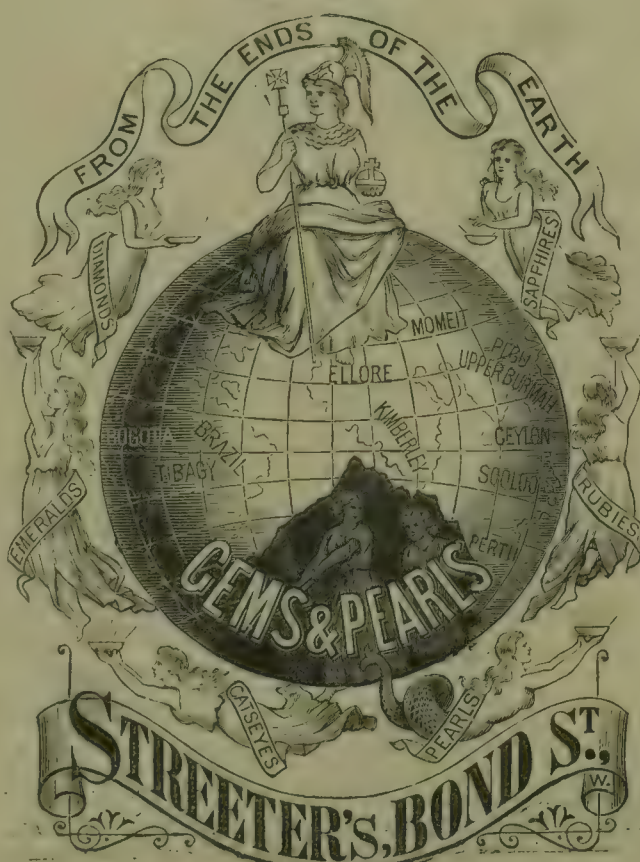
### STREETER'S 10, 15, & 20 GUINEA JEWELS

Are undoubtedly the best value ever offered  
to the public in the form of Diamond  
Ornaments. They are manufactured by  
London workmen, and the Brilliants in  
each are white, and properly cut.

WE ISSUE NO PRICE-LIST.

	GUINEAS.
DIAMOND BRACELETS,	10 to 1000
DIAMOND LOCKETS,	10 to 500
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DIAMOND STARS,	10 to 250
DIAMOND CRESCENTS,	10 to 500
DIAMOND HAIR-PINS,	10 to 500
DIAMOND HEAD ORN'T,	10 to 10,000
DIAMOND RINGS,	5 to 250
DIAMOND BROOCHES,	5 to 200
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SPECIMEN DIAMONDS, PEARLS, and GEMS.	

### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.



### STREETER'S DIAMOND ORNAMENTS

Cannot be surpassed for elegance of design,  
quality of workmanship, and general finish.  
They are London made, and the Brilliants  
are all white and properly cut. If wished,  
can be so mounted as never to tarnish,  
but it is more expensive than the ordinary  
mounting.

NEWEST DESIGNS FOR BRIDESMAIDS' ORNAMENTS.

	GUINEAS.
SAPPHIRE RINGS,	5 to 200
SAPPHIRE BROOCHES,	10 to 500
SAPPHIRE BRACELETS,	10 to 2000
RUBY RINGS,	10 to 500
RUBY BRACELETS,	25 to 2000
RUBY BROOCHES,	30 to 2000
RUBY NECKLACES,	100 to 5000
PEARL RINGS,	5 to 50
PEARL BRACELETS,	5 to 500
PEARL NECKLACES.	5 to 10,000





1. "Bless me! You'll be losin' the shot if you'll no hurry."  
4. Getting the dead hinds through the river:—"Run, Donald, or you'll lose them!"

2. "I'd give five pounds this minute to be back in Piccadilly."  
5. "I'm thinkin' it'll be hinds lyin' below that dark patches, whatever, for I'm seein' the ear of one."

3. Crawling in the burn:—"Keep that dog out of sight!"  
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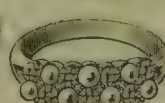
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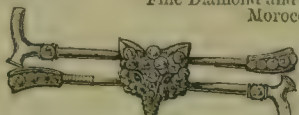
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## MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

*Nineteenth Century*.—The Duke of Argyll, reverting to essays written by Mr. Herbert Spencer, eighteen months ago, on the factors of organic evolution, deduces from their supposed admissions, with much subtlety, a view of the principle of Development, which he thinks will supersede the Darwinian doctrine. The author of a recent history of the Irish Act of Union, Dr. T. Dunbar Ingram, replies to Mr. Gladstone's censures of his book. The late vindication of Mohammedanism, as an agent of moral and social civilisation in heathen Africa, finds an able advocate in Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, of Harrow. The management of picture-hanging at the National Gallery is defended by Mr. Charles Eastlake. Mr. J. McK. Cattell propounds a curious question of experimental psychology: "the time it takes to think." In the realistic Arcadia of rustic Norfolk, which the Rev. Dr. Jessopp is wont to describe, his tale of the life of "Doris," a wild, strong-hearted, passionate woman lately dying at the age of eighty, seems a genuine piece of human nature. With reference to the discussion about authors' copyright and publishers' profit, Mr. Edmund Gosse relates the foundation of the French Société des Gens de Lettres. In answer to the challenge of Sir James Stephen, Mr. St. George Mivart explains how he can reconcile the orthodox belief of a Catholic Christian with freedom of scientific and philosophical inquiry. The Bishop of Carlisle also takes up this challenge, and claims the right of some who accept scientific conclusions to hold the Apostles' Creed. The habits of a beautiful bird, the flamingo, have been studied in the Bahamas by Governor H. A. Blake. Mr. H. Arnold-Forster replies to some objections to his scheme of Irish Land Purchase.

*Contemporary Review*.—The recently published "Life and Letters" of Darwin are reviewed by the accomplished geologist of Scotland, Mr. Archibald Geikie. Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, describes the late meetings of the London "Unemployed" in Trafalgar-square. The antiquities of St. Katharine's Abbey and Hospital, which occupied the site now under water in St. Katharine's Dock, and the appropriation of the funds, since 1827, to a superfluous institution in Regent's Park, employ the pen of Mr. Walter Besant, who scornfully denounces the present "House of Shams and Shadows." Bimetallism, an important but difficult and abstruse currency question, is treated by an able writer, the Hon. David Wells, of the United States, with reference to commercial economy. Professor Elmslie eloquently contends that the first chapter of Genesis was never meant to set forth the chronological order of creation, or the physical course of events, and that the Bible revelation is purely ethical and spiritual. How to raise horses for the Army, one of the most urgent military problems just now, Colonel C. B. Brackenbury, R.A., takes into his consideration, with an eye to the provision made for it by several foreign Governments. The institution of Schools of Commerce, and the teaching they should give, are usefully discussed by Sir Philip Magnus. Lord Balfour of Burleigh protests against an attack on the Scottish Church Establishment.

*Fortnightly Review*.—Sir Charles Dilke relentlessly continues to expose the comparative weakness of the British Army. He proves that we scarcely possess at home sufficient regular troops for the defence of England, while we have no land force that could act on the offensive in Europe, and it would be all that we could do to hold India. He proposes a separate long-service army for Indian and Colonial service, with a complete well-organised short-service army, and reserve forces, for the United Kingdom. The high place in modern literature which Russian novelists are now gaining is recognised by Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose analysis of Count Leo Tolstoy's powerful tale, "Anna Karénine," and his remarks on the author's moral and religious creed, will direct many readers to an acquaintance with Tolstoy. The sanitary condition of the Thames, with reference to drainage and to the supply of drinking-water, is exhibited by Dr. B. W. Richardson with much precision. Mr. Edmund Gosse writes an interesting memoir of a Circassian girl brought to Paris, and educated there as "Mademoiselle Aissé," in the early years of the last century; she came to England under the protection of Bolingbroke and his wife, and attained a fair degree of intellectual culture. The iniquity and cruelty of "the sweating system," in various London industries, as exposed by Mr. David Schloss, ought to receive serious attention. Artists and connoisseurs of art may peruse with advantage Mr. J. A. Symonds's observations on the use of "The Model." It is probably not generally known all over Europe that Mr. G. De Hennin has conceived a plan for the partition of the Turkish Empire. Professor Leone Levi's notes on the distribution of our Government expenditure will be serviceable to politicians who are not above computing the items of public outlay.

*National Review*.—Protectionist doctrine has a champion in Mr. W. J. Harris, who boldly encounters Lord Randolph Churchill, and demands an *ad valorem* import tax of 20 or 30 per cent on the products of all foreign countries, allowing a drawback on raw materials of our own manufactures, the price of wheat not to be lower than 37s. 6d. a quarter. He is a Liverpool corn-merchant. Lord Macaulay's review, in 1843, of the "Diary of Madame D'Arblay," and of her "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," was, perhaps, a hasty piece of writing, but is hardly worth correcting now. Mr. W. H. Mallock, having finished his treatise on the production of wealth by capital, labour, "ability," and the distribution of wealth between them, utters an exhortation to political organisers, "Go ye and teach!" This article is accompanied by a formidable set of statistical diagrams, to be copied on large placards for popular lecture-rooms. Another "easy solution of the Irish Land question" is proffered by Mr. G. Holloway, M.P. He recommends that the present owners should be considered to simply lend their tenants the value of their present holdings, without any purchase money, and should become mortgagees for the amount at 3 per cent interest, on condition that the principal be repaid by annual instalments, to be invested in Consols. The reproof of "Slipshod English," by a contributor designated "I. G. S.," is not undeserved. Mr. A. J. Mott is one of those who would relieve the agriculturist by raising the price of food for the people. Heinrich Heine, the one German poet who was also a wit, and whom Frenchmen call the German Voltaire, was once in London during a few months of 1827, and Mr. T. Pryde records the particulars of his visit. Lady Verney returns to her complaint of the effects of peasant proprietorship in France. The good deeds of Lord Salisbury's Administration are recounted by Mr. G. Baden-Powell, M.P., and the political situation is reviewed.

*Blackwood's Magazine*.—The interest of "Joyce," Mrs. Oliphant's story, is not that of many adventures, but of character in a trying situation; a Scottish lassie, humbly brought up, is removed to live with her father in English upper-class society, and a bright gentleman lover becomes the rival of one less accomplished, left in the rustic village of her earlier youth. The short story called "A Dramatic Effect," told by a lively girl, is not wanting in spirit. Miss Hannah More was a good, clever, and amiable woman, and the memoir

of her long-life is worth reading. The Marquis of Lorne indulges a vein of romantic fancy with the mysterious tale of a Maltese apparition. "Literary Voluptuaries" is a discourse on the charms of many old favourite books. Mr. C. G. N. Lockhart discourses of the imported pest of rabbits in Australia; we observe that a reward of £25,000 is offered for an invention to destroy them. Oxford and Cambridge University crews, or their friends, may look at "The Academic Oarsman." A diligent French writer on topics of Italian history, M. Charles Yriarte, produces the first instalment of his biographical discoveries, from documents hitherto unknown, concerning Caesar Borgia, whom the less erudite reader may fail to recognise as "the Cardinal of Valencia." The political articles maintain the impregnability of the Unionist cause, and dispute Sir Charles Dilke's views of the impotence of Great Britain in European affairs, recommending a close alliance with Italy for the objects of British policy in the Levant.

*Murray's Magazine*.—The personal character of "Jenny Lind," the late Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, is portrayed by the Rev. Canon Scott Holland with equal truth and depth of feeling; she was, indeed, what is better than a great singer, a very sweet and noble woman. Irish secret societies are exposed by Captain Ross of Bladenburg to the abhorrence of all honest men. A clergyman of East London, the Rev. Prebendary Billing, continues his accurate and judicious estimate of the real condition of the unemployed. The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, whom we know as the fine poet of "Sonnets round the Coast," relates an experiment at Keswick with a school of industrial art. The late Mr. Whittall's narrative of his perilous adventure, with three other Englishmen, captured by brigands in the hills near Smyrna, has additional painful interest since the news of his death. "Jim's Meg" is a pathetic tragedy of low life in London. Sir Noel Paton's two sonnets, composed at night on the shore of Arran, are inspired by religious awe. Mr. G. Murray's notes of a naturalist in the tropics, the description of an Exmoor horse fair, and the Bishop of Carlisle's account of the Roman Wall, give clear views of interesting subjects. "A Sleeping Beauty" is an amusing little story.

*Macmillan's Magazine*.—The late Mrs. Craik, earlier known as Miss Mulock, one of the best female authors of domestic fiction in our day, and a lady who was esteemed by all who knew her personally, could not pass away without a notice in this magazine. It is furnished by her life-long friend, Mrs. Oliphant, as we think, a writer unquestionably of higher genius, but whose affectionate remembrances of the virtues of the deceased, "full of all tenderness and kindness, very loving and much beloved," exclude all comparison of literary talent. Mr. Henry James, in his comments on the life of Emerson, dwells rather critically than sympathetically on the characteristic tendencies of Emerson's mind as a thinker and teacher, but admires the refined purity and serene integrity of his spirit. "Authors in Court," by Mr. Augustine Birrell, touches on legal precedents in the matter of copyright. Observations on social life at Oxford fill half a dozen pages. The South American tale of Juana Alvarez has local and national colour. An elegant minor poet, the late Rev. J. Moultrie, of Rugby, obtains a lingering memorial thirteen years after his death. Miss May Probyn's short poem, "Uncertainties," begins prettily and ends forcibly, which is good. Mr. Roland Graham's sketch of a German village dance is too brief and slight. The story of "Chris," begun this month, has its first scenes laid at Cannes, but the young lady is coming to London.

*Longman's Magazine*.—The Dartmoor story of "Eve," by the author of "John Herring," is going on; so is that jointly written by Messrs. D. Christie Murray and H. Herman—the weird tale of Ancient Britons, Druids, and the resurrection of a dead Queen—which they call "One Traveller Returns." The author of "Reata," E. Gerard, pleases us very well in her "Grey Fur," with a crisis in the life of a poor governess. Other contributors treat of the Transvaal gold-fields, of "Human Incapacity"—surely a vast theme for A. K. H. B.—and of the crowing of cocks, which in towns is a nuisance. "The Pixies' Garden" and "A Prison Song" are neat pieces of poetry.

*The Woman's World*.—Mr. Oscar Wilde manages well as editor; he has got a posthumous paper of Mrs. Craik's on Mary Anderson in the "Winter's Tale"; an uncompromising argument, by Mrs. Charles McLaren, against the pretended superiority of men; an amusing treatise on hoop-petticoats or skirts; a further instalment of the story of "Clement Ker"; Lady Meath's report of the Ministering Children's League in London; a description of Royat; notes on the December fashions, on literary novelties, and on Japanese decorative art.

*Atlantia*.—This magazine is "The Girl's World," edited by L. T. Meade and Alicia Amy Leath. It contains Mrs. Molesworth's story, "The Neighbours"; the commencement, by Miss Arabella Buckley, of "The Professor's Dream," a fine vision of the earth and its living inhabitants in the glacial, the palæolithic, and the neolithic periods; Mr. Rider Haggard's "Tale of Three Lions"; advice to young ladies who would try to write novels, by Mr. Walter Besant; and an account, by Mrs. Fawcett, of the employment of young women in the Post Office, with precise directions for those who seek it.

*English Illustrated Magazine*.—The story of "Jael" is concluded. Mr. Lawrence Oliphant supplies an instructive description of the Sea of Galilee, and there are views of Tiberias, Capernaum, and Gennesareth. Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe gives an account of the bird department in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," illustrated by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson, take us halfway along the old Exeter road. Professor W. Minto's "Ralph Hardelet," an historical romance of the times of Wycliffe, becomes interesting. Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy writes of Garrick and the actors and actresses of the last century. "The Magic Fan" and "That Girl in Black" are continued.

*Cornhill Magazine*.—"The Gaverocks" is finished; Love-day is set free by her bigamist husband getting drowned, while her brother Dennis shoots himself, and she marries good Paul Featherstone; there is a reconciliation of Gerans and his pretty wife Ross. "A Health Resort out of the Season" recommends a winter sojourn in the Black Forest of Baden. If anyone likes a tale of Matebele domestic life in South Africa, here is "Ramokobane." Beer-drinkers will like an essay on beer. "Mr. Halliwell's Pupil" is an incident of social life as known to law-students in the Temple. The testing and exposure, by Dr. Horace Edward Furness, in America, of the tricks and frauds of "materialised spirits" and mediums, in the reading of unopened letters, and in "spirit-writing," is related as a warning to dupes of such imposture. The attempted poisoning of Gamain, the locksmith, who was a companion of the leisure hours of Louis XVI., remains an unaccountable affair.

*Gentleman's Magazine*.—The subjects treated here by several competent writers are very stale; Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," the "Anti-Jacobin," and the "Rosicrucians," are surely beyond need of present discussion. "Stage Ghosts" is a curious topic, with reference to theatrical management; and Major Gambier Parry's notes on Algeria seem not unsuitable to this season.

*Belgravia*.—Mr. W. Clark Russell's "Frozen Pirate," an extravagant piece of fancy, not worthy of his high literary powers, has been published separately, but the final chapter is not yet given in this magazine. The short stories are "An Unredeemed Pledge," "His First Review," "Within a Stone's Throw," and "Lady Atherton's Sachet." "Dear Cousin Henry" is concluded. An odd adventure with a Chinese juggler, who kept a marvellous spider, may be read with amusement.

*Temple Bar*.—"Loyalty George," Mrs. Parr's story of sea-side folk, has strong interest of character. Napoleon's two wives, Josephine and Maria Theresa, are compared with each other. "By One, by Two, and by Three," is the enigmatic title of a tragical Highland tale. The article on Beethoven is a thoughtful memoir of one who was perhaps the greatest of poets in the art of music. A description of the precipice of Myling Head, in the Faroe Islands, has its attractions for the lover of wild rocky scenery. Few can now want a review of "Wuthering Heights."

*London Society*.—Mr. S. Laing, retired from politics and finance, though not from philosophical discussion, reappears with notes of his personal observations concerning the peasantry of the west of Ireland. The contributors of fiction are Mrs. Edward Kennard, in "A Crack County"; Miss Iza Duffus Hardy, "To-morrow"; A. V. Homer, "For Love of Him"; and Mrs. Alexander, nearing the end of "A Life Interest."

*The Theatre*.—"Thrashing a Journalist," which we do not feel to be an agreeable operation, is Mr. Clement Scott's account of the chastisement of Charles Molloy Westmacott, editor of *The Age*, in 1830, for writing rudely of Miss Fanny Kemble. Some actresses will perhaps say, even now, that some writers deserve similar treatment; but times and manners are changed. "The Sapphire Ring," a story of Germany, is begun by Mr. R. K. Hervey.

*Harper's Magazine* (Christmas Number).—This is a rich miscellany, with tales, poems, dialogues, and essays on the old garden flowers, the precious stones of America, and other agreeable topics, while the fine wood-engravings maintain their standard of style and execution.

*Scribner's Magazine*.—"In Florence with Romola," by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, is a delightful and accurate local study, with a multitude of fine drawings, of the scenes and incidents of the noblest of historical romances, the greatest of George Eliot's works. Mr. R. L. Stevenson relates, in a spirited narrative poem, the situation of the brave Highlanders at Ticonderoga. Mr. Bret Harte contributes an Indian Border tale.

*The Century*.—Here also is an illustrated description of the Sea of Galilee. We find one of Durham Cathedral, by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, with many illustrations; an account of the Paris journalists; an article on the Lyceum Faust, and tales by G. Cable, Frank Stockton, and E. Eggleston, with the political biography of President Lincoln, and Mr. G. Kennan's report of Russian prisons.

*St. Nicholas*.—This magazine for young folks has some good Christmas articles, a Norwegian bear story, part of a tale by Mr. Frank Stockton, and the account of a balloon ascent from St. Louis.

## HIND-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

In the deer-forests of Scotland, where the noble wild animal is more abundant, and is considered more valuable, than black cattle or sheep, the pursuit of stags in September and October, now esteemed the highest of British field-sports, is sometimes followed by hind-shooting, as it is thought desirable to keep the numbers of each herd within convenient limits. This is practised towards the end of the year, when the hinds are in good condition, which is not the case with the stags after the rutting season. The boisterous wintry weather is very trying to most amateurs, but a few robust and hardy sportsmen are willing to join the foresters in this difficult pursuit. It requires a peculiar knowledge of the habits and haunts of the hinds, and it is important to discriminate between those which are pregnant or nursing their young, and the "yeld" hinds, which are free and fair game, and are usually found well lined with fat. The snow that may have covered the hills by this time makes stalking much more difficult; and, when approached within shooting range, the hind, which has no antlers, is a less easy mark to hit than the stag. Our Artist's Sketches of the incidents of such an expedition show the arduous character of this sport. In a strong wind, and with occasional storms of driving sleet or snow, it becomes extremely rough work; and the short daylight may be interrupted by thick mists or fogs, in which the party have to find their way home, while the state of the atmosphere will often make the telescope useless to discover the herds at a distance. The mountain streams run high, fords become impassable, and bogs are deep under foot. In spite of these discomforts, hind-stalking is continued with indefatigable zeal, by those whose bodily strength and resolute spirits qualify them for that severe pastime, until after Christmas and the New Year. The venison so procured must be sweet to men who have earned it by great labour and endurance of hardship, but it is very good venison when sent to London and sold in our shops.

## ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held on Dec. 1, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, the silver medal of the institution, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum and framed, was awarded to Mr. William Bradley, light-keeper at Southend pier-head, for rescuing a man from the capsized boat of the steam-tug Jubilee, of London, during a strong south-west breeze and a moderate sea, with rain, at eleven o'clock on the night of Nov. 2. Bradley was in bed when the accident occurred, but, on being apprised of the man's danger, he at once got up, and without waiting to dress himself quickly lowered his boat, rowed to the man, who was clinging to the bottom of the capsized boat, and rescued him, the service occupying an hour. Rewards amounting to £297 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month. Payments amounting to £3218 were ordered to be made on the 291 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £500 (additional) from the "Sunlight" competition on account of the Sunlight two life-boats, and £700 from a lady to defray the cost of the Porthcawl new life-boat, the Speedwell. New life-boats had been sent during the past month to Weymouth, Salcombe, Hope Cove, Girvan, Douglas, Huanston, West Hartlepool, Kimeridge, Flamborough, and Yealm River.

Professor Stokes, M.P., as President of the Royal Society, gave the annual address at the anniversary meeting. He dwelt upon the achievements of the scientific gentlemen upon whom the gold medals of the society are this year conferred, glanced at the directions in which scientific knowledge may develop during the next half-century, and narrated the work in which the society has been engaged during the past year.





1. Kaniara Castle, 520 ft. above the sea.  
2. Cypriot woman's welcome to High Commissioner.

3. East end of the northern mountain range.  
4. Windmill with canvas sails.

5. Old Greek church at Trikomo, 20 ft. high inside, 15 ft. broad.  
6. Dust-storm in camp at Komo-Kebir.

7. Arrival of Sir H. Bulwer at Famagusta.  
8. Camp at Famagusta.

9. High Commissioner hearing complaints of villagers.  
10. Greek village priest.  
11. Horses get loose at Komo-Kebir.

# WITH THE HIGH COMMISSIONER IN CYPRUS.

SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN ROBERT HOLDEN, A.D.C., IN A TOUR OF INSPECTION IN THE DISTRESSED DISTRICT OF THE CARPAS.



THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Since the day when Mr. Whistler became first a member and subsequently President of this society, a notable change has been apparent in its exhibitions. Previously they had marked the downward progress of conventional art, until at last the overcrowded walls showed more jejune and slipshod productions than a second-rate Art school. From this drowsy condition, the society has been suddenly—too suddenly, perhaps some will say—awakened; and some of its supporters seem, to judge from their efforts, to be still in a half-dazed state. Be that as it may, the “British Artists,” and especially those of them who are foreigners, have raised aloft a standard of eclecticism, round which we find many young aspirants to notoriety eager to rally. It is, therefore, only fitting that we should devote ourselves to the study of these eclectics, leaving the few survivors of the old state of things to draw what comfort they can from the smiles—of contempt or admiration—which the works of their new colleagues excite.

Before passing on, however, to the works of living painters, we must say a few words on the very admirable collection of the works of the late Mr. Frank H. Potter, whose death under very dramatic circumstances occurred last May, at the early age of thirty-two. Our thanks are due to Mr. Whistler for having vindicated completely a young man's reputation by the exhibition of so many specimens of his work, which throughout is marked by careful study and rich colouring, but also by a sympathy with the old masters, which probably interfered with his success with picture-dealers and the majority of picture-buyers. But no one, we should think, would look at “Little Miss Prim” (66), in her long lavender frock and Puritan cap, without recognising the master-touch of the true artist—which comes out again and again in ever-varying tone in such works as “The Music-Lesson” (53), “Convalescence” (44), “Laziness” (61), and “A Quiet Corner” (50), which was attracting notice last summer at the Grosvenor Gallery whilst the painter was lying dead, dispirited, if not heart-broken, by his hopeless struggle for public recognition.

Coming to those artists whom we still retain, but whose merits are only partially recognised, the place of honour is shared between Mr. Whistler and M. Monet, to whom the impressionists of England and France respectively look up with reverence. The President himself is not seen this year at his best. His reminiscences of the Naval Review—if such they are intended to be—“Grey and Silver, Southampton” (132), and “Blue and Silver, Portsmouth” (145), are of the very slightest, and suggest that at the former spot he was but half awake and at the latter already half asleep on that eventful but tiring day. In like manner, his “Grey Note” (235) is, to us, too low; but his “Red Note” (277)—a fête on the sands at Ostend—is full of the vigour and subtlety which characterised so many of his earlier works. M. Monet, the father of the French impressionists, works with very different materials, and in a very different method. Whilst Mr. Whistler's works require the closest study and will bear the most minute examination, it is scarcely possible to get far enough away from M. Monet's “Coast of Belle Isle” (212), with its iridescent sea and many-coloured rocks glistening and glittering in the full blaze of the sun, or from the “Village of Benneceourt” (384), where the slender poplars cast their tall shadows across the field. If looked at from any nearer standpoint, these pictures are meaningless *macédoines* of colour—crude and shocking; it is only at a distance that the spectator is able to seize the painter's aim, and to realise that, having himself received an impression of the scene, he is anxious to translate it by the medium of his own personality. His interpretation may not agree with our own; and the same may be said of such works as Mr. Nelson Dawson's “Blowing in from the Sea” (111), of Mr. Ayerst Ingram's “Sundown” (236), Mr. Robert Fowler's “Hot Noon” (323), Mr. Edward Simmons's “Sunrise” (330), Mr. Jacob-Hood's “Under the Lee of the Island” (329), and many of his sketches about Poole Harbour. In each and all of these one cannot but recognise that the aim of the artist has been to convey some thought or to suggest some ideal. In this respect, Mr. Maurice Pollock's “Twilight” (346) deserves a special word of comment. In subject it is, perhaps, deficient in interest, presenting merely the edge of a wood; but one cannot fail to recognise the motive of the artist, who throws over a simple spot the charm of subdued melancholy. Of Mr. Aubrey Hunt, who has now an exhibition all to himself, it is unnecessary to speak; but amongst the other landscapes there will be found works to suit every variety of taste—although Mr. Picknell is absent this year—as, for instance, Mr. A. F. Grace's “Edge of the Firwood” (315) and his “Summer Holiday in the South of England” (223), Mr. Alfred Stevens's “Effet de Matin” (273) and his fog-piece (283), Mr. A. Ludovici, jun.'s, “Slight Reminiscence of Seaton Carew” (300), and Mr. Aubrey Hunt's “March Day at Seenhith” (338), and last, but by no means least, Mr. Edwin Ellis's brilliant but somewhat crude rendering of the huge white cliffs off Flamborough, known by the names of “The King and Queen” (317).

If from the landscapes we turn to the figure-pictures and portraits, we still find ourselves confronted by a phase of art which is neither commonplace nor conventional. It more often than not fails to please the eye or to satisfy the judgment, but it has qualities which cannot but arrest attention. The largest of these works is certainly the least pleasing—Mr. William Stott of Oldham's “Birth of Venus” (341), representing

the sea-born goddess rising from very solid water-silk waves trimmed with swan's down. Venus herself is the most unkempt goddess ever presented to mortal view; but possibly her towlike red hair, which adheres generally to her head, might have been pardoned had the figure possessed either grace or dignity. Moreover, if the artist's intention had been to suggest the gradual incarnation of the goddess by her want of outline, there is no excuse for giving the sea-gulls which fly about such shadowy and ill-drawn forms. M. Théodore Roussel's “Bathers” (207) is far more satisfactory in every respect, the colour being delicate and the pose refined; but Mr. Arthur Hill's “Young Slave” (240) is somewhat heavily-limbed, and Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's “Reminiscence” (289), a girl in grey and red fancy dress, although carefully painted, is wanting in facial expression. Among the portraits, Mr. Leon Little's group of Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. Stanley Little (328), seated opposite each other at a writing-table, is both forcible and original; but we are getting too familiar with M. Théodore Roussel's trick of the black lady against the red-pink background, as seen in his portrait of Mrs. Mortimer Menpes (361), and much prefer his Dr. Howard Stewart (293), and Mr. Jacob-Hood's exceedingly brilliant rendering of Mr. C. Cunningham Graham (218), in a simple morning costume, and Mr. Godfrey Merry's “Arrangement in Plush” (468). Of the general pictures there is a fair display, amongst which the most noteworthy are Mr. Yeend King's “Lessons out Doors” (239), Mr. Christian Symons' “Christmas Eve” (228), Mr. L. C. Henley's “Seeming to promise something wondrous great” (231), and Mr. A. Ludovici, jun.'s “Kept In” (257), an almost deserted school-room, with one or two offenders detained, but scarcely *en pénitence*. Another work by the same clever artist, “The Entrance” (306), represents a number of little children on the stage, dressed as fairies, and just waiting for the curtain to rise. To them may fairly be added the portrait of Master H. S. Smiley (412), by Mr. Lavery, in which the interest lies chiefly in the arrangement of the croquet-lawn, with its players, on whom the bright sun is falling in golden blaze. Mr. Wyke Bayliss' “Evreux Cathedral” (230), and the still more ornate “St. Madeleine, Troyes” (247) are not only architectural studies, but highly poetised renderings of the sentiment which clings round these splendid specimens of Gothic architecture at its most florid phase—and we can compliment the same artist upon his not less happy rendering of a bit of “Westminster Abbey” (187). The last named is painted in water colours; but it is by no means the only specimen in that branch which deserves notice. Amongst the landscapes we may especially mention Mr. Bernard Evans's “Bolton Abbey” (28), Mr. A. F. Grace's “Sussex Pastoral” (17), and Mr. Owen Dalziel's “Going to the Fête” (182), although in it the figures occupy a prominent place. Among the sea-pieces Mr. John Brindley's “Afloat” (40), Mr. Richard Toovey's “Quay, Pont Aven” (98), and his “Study on the Thames” (105), Mr. Ernest Dade's “On the North-East Coast” (104), and Mr. Nelson Dawson's “Blowing in from the Sea” (111), both of them grey, cold, and slight; but we fail altogether to appreciate the streaks of flat colouring to which Mr. William Stott gives the title of the “Purple Mountain” (162). Amongst the figure-pieces, Mr. L. C. Henley's “Old Maid” (110) and “Old Bachelor” (202)—if we may suggest such prosaic titles in the place of the poetry affixed to them—are, as usual, most carefully painted; Mr. T. C. Gotech's “Unlimited Credit” (12), apparently the portrait of a man of fashion, and Mr. Carlton Smith's “Family Cares” (137), are among the most noteworthy; but the general level of the water colour is above the average. There is, moreover, a collection of etchings, chiefly by Mr. Whistler—five of which are described as the Naval Review; but beyond giving slight impressions of ships of war at rest and yachts in movement they might as well bear any title. It is, however, interesting to notice how well Mr. Whistler's method succeeds when treated by lithography. The sculpture is only noteworthy for the two busts by Mr. Nelson Maclean—that of Mr. Odell as Touchstone being especially successful in its skilful rendering of the spirit of the rôle without spoiling the likeness of the man.

The “Phormio” of Terence will be given by the Queen scholars at St. Peter's College, Westminster, on Dec. 15, 19, and 21.

Sir Robert Stawell Ball, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, will give at the Royal Institution a course of six lectures (adapted to a juvenile auditory) on astronomy—the sun, moon, planets, comets, and stars—beginning on Dec. 27. Courses of lectures will probably also be given by Lord Rayleigh, professor of natural philosophy at the Royal Institution, Mr. G. J. Romanes, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, Mr. C. H. H. Parry, the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, and Mr. William Archer.

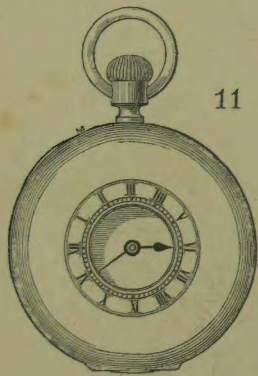
The annual examination for the scholarships placed at the disposal of the London School Board will take place on Dec. 19 and 20. At present the Board have fourteen scholarships for award on the results of the examination—viz., eight for boys, five for girls, and one for a boy or a girl. The scholarships vary in value from £25 per annum to £35 per annum, and are tenable for three or four years. There may also be other scholarships placed at the disposal of the Board. The scholarships are intended to connect public elementary schools with schools of a higher grade.

SKETCHES IN CYPRUS.

The British High Commissioner, Sir Henry Bulwer, recently made a tour of inspection in the district of Carpas, the north-eastern peninsula of the island of Cyprus, to examine the condition of the inhabitants, who have suffered much distress from the failure of their crops. Captain Robert Holden, aide-de-camp to his Excellency the High Commissioner, has permitted us to make use of the Sketches that he made on this tour, which are the more interesting as the Carpas district has usually been left unvisited by those who have been in Cyprus. It is described, however, by Sir Samuel Baker, in the book that he published in 1879; and Mr. Hamilton Lang, formerly British Consul in Cyprus, gives an excellent general account both of the historical antiquities, and of the agriculture and natural resources, of the whole island. Cyprus is an island 140 miles long and sixty wide; but the north-eastern peninsula, from three to ten miles wide, extends forty miles into the sea, approaching the coast of Syria within forty-one miles, and within sixty of the coast of Asia Minor. It is part of a prolonged ridge of hills formed by a range of mountains which extends a hundred miles along the north coast of the island, and which, at its western extremity, is called the Kyrenean range, the highest altitude being 3340 feet. The soil is scanty, and the cultivators are obliged to do what they can, in a very rude fashion, with small patches of ground on ledges of rock, exposed to much damage from storms and torrents. The road to the Carpas is northward along the shore of the Bay of Famagusta, passing the ruins of the ancient port of Salamis, and thence to Trikomo, from which place there is an ascent to the highlands, leaving behind the vast unhealthy plain of Messaria and the marshes of the river Pedias. Trikomo is a rather large town, built on a hill about a mile from the sea, and has some trade in cotton and other produce, with steam cotton-gins; but the houses are mean, built of sun-dried bricks of clay mixed with straw. One curiosity at Trikomo is the very diminutive church of Agios Jacobus, St. James, the interior of which is 30 ft. high and only 15 ft. wide. Riding up to the pass over the mountains, between cliffs of limestone rock, a view of the sea on the north coast is obtained; and the ruins of the Castle of Kantara, situated at a height of 2020 ft., bear witness to the conquest by the Crusaders nearly seven centuries ago. In 1191, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, King of England, with his band of chivalrous adventurers, and with his bride, Princess Berengaria of Navarre, was sailing from Sicily to attack the Saracens at St. Jean d'Acre. Several vessels of his fleet, among these one which conveyed Berengaria, were cast on the shores of Cyprus. The Greek ruler of Cyprus, Isaac Comnenus, detained the crews and passengers as captives, demanding a large ransom. King Richard arrived with his main force, landed, and summoned Isaac to give them up with an apology and compensation. The behaviour of Isaac was equivocal; and King Richard then treated him as an enemy, defeated his army in a battle at Colosse, again at Tremithousia, took Isaac prisoner, and conquered the whole island in less than a month. Then, not caring to reign over Cyprus, King Richard sold this island, for a sum equivalent to £320,000 of present money, to the Knights Templars, who soon afterwards parted with it to Guy de Lusignan, the titular King of Jerusalem. His descendants were Kings of Cyprus nearly three hundred years, the last, in 1489, abdicating in favour of the Republic of Venice, from which the island was wrested by the Turks in 1571; but Shakespeare's “Othello” bears witness to the period of Venetian rule. These reminiscences of the former lordship, in Cyprus, of persons belonging to Western Europe and to the Roman Church, are comparatively modern in view of the immense antiquity of its Greek and Phœnician civilisation, which has left many interesting traces and relics. Its future prospects, since the administration has been transferred to the British Government, must appear more favourable than under the Turkish Empire; but the resources of the country have been sadly wasted, and the native population does not exceed 180,000, the majority being of the Greek race and religion. Our Illustrations represent the scenes that took place when Sir Henry Bulwer was greeted by some of the peasantry, and received deputies from the village of Yaloussa, to hear their complaints or petitions. A view is also given of the eastern extremity of the Carpas mountain range, as beheld from Leonarissa; and there is a Sketch of one of the wind-mills used for grinding corn, with its sail constructed of canvas stretched over eight crossed sticks; the mill-building is of solid masonry. The disorder occasioned in the travellers' camp, and among their horses, by a violent dust-storm, is another subject of these Sketches. Famagusta, on the east coast, should be the principal port and naval station of Cyprus, having a large and deep harbour; but the town is in a ruinous, half-deserted condition, and the local climate is very insalubrious. Its disadvantages, however, could be remedied, though at great cost, by engineering and draining works in the adjacent plain; and the decay of Cyprus, for ages past, has been mainly the result of gross neglect and misrule.

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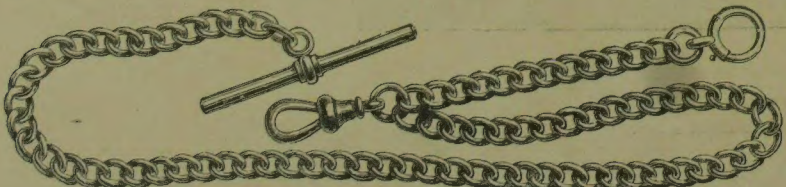


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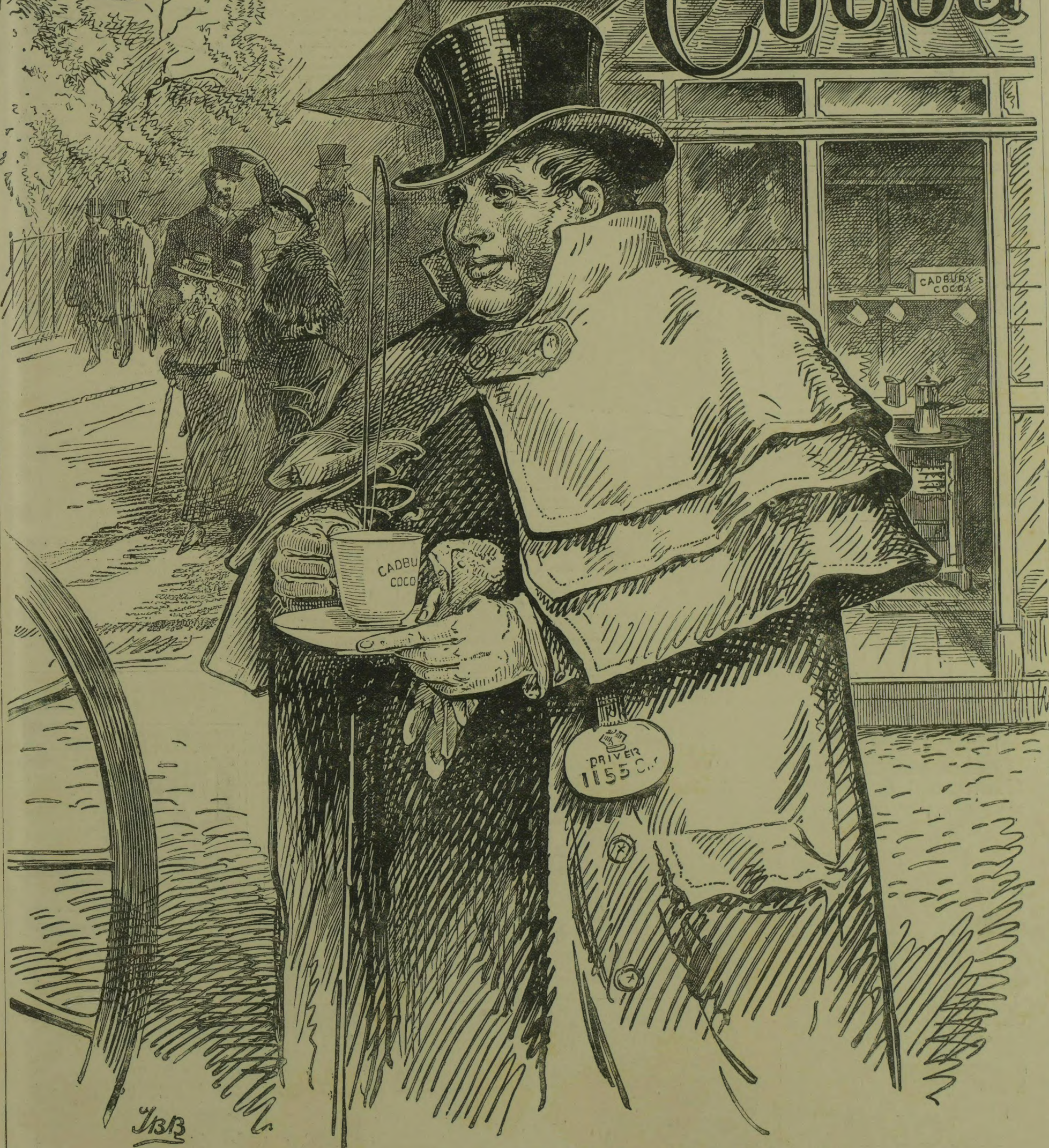
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